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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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IRISH BUTTER.

EVERYBODY knows Mr. Barrie's humorous classification of eggs as "English," "fresh," "new laid" and so forth. We are reminded of it by the Report of the Departmental Committee which has been appointed to enquire into the Irish butter industry. This has been one of the chief agencies by which, during recent years, Irish prosperity has been improved. It is easy to remember a time when Irish butter could only be accurately described as cheap and filthy. It was neither made nor packed by cleanly methods, and was "dumped" on to the market anyhow. By organisation and enterprise this state of things has been much changed for the better. Out of twenty-eight million pounds' worth of butter that we import into Great Britain, over four million pounds' worth is from Ireland, and twenty-four million pounds' worth from the Colonies and other foreign countries. This is a good proportion to have, though it is capable of being raised still higher. The reason why we in England purchase so large a quantity of Irish butter is that it is vastly improved in quality. Usually the best indication of quality is price, and that of Irish butter compares not unfavourably throughout the season with the Copenhagen quotation. But to return: The Committee reports that there are three well-recognised classes of Irish butter, namely, creamery butter, dairy butter and factory butter.

Creamery butter is produced by a method very common on the Continent. The milk or cream is collected from the farmers who support the creamery, and the best plan is undoubtedly to pay them so much a gallon for it. If they wish to become shareholders in the creamery there is no reason against their doing so. The definition of creamery butter as given by the Committee is "unblended butter made from cream separated by centrifugal force from the commingled milk supplies of a number of cowkeepers, in premises adapted and utilised for the manufacture of butter in commercial quantities." Dairy butter is home-made; that is, the milk is produced on the farm, and the cream extracted from it by means of a separator or skimmed by hand. Factory butter, according to its technical definition by the trade, means "any butter, blended, reworked or subjected to any other treatment, but not so as to cease to be butter." Now in each class of dairying there is undoubted scope for fraud, and those who take pains to produce that high class of butter which is earning for Ireland its good name have a reasonable grievance against those who bring the article into dis-repute by sending over inferior stuff. The primary object aimed at in the creameries is expressed by the grocers' shibboleth, "uniformity."

When butter was simply made at the individual homesteads it could not be depended upon. One week it might be excellent and the next rancid. Sometimes a careless dairymaid would not extract all the butter-milk; and during the winter season the byreman would give turnips to an extent that could be easily traced in the taste of the butter. It was to get rid of these fluctuations in quality that creameries were originally started. But they have abuses of their own. The Committee alludes to the practice on the part of some creamery proprietors of selling from their creameries Colonial, foreign and blended butter in the winter months. In doing this they are at once guilty of infringement of the law and injuring the industry. The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction is urging the exercise of legal powers to stop this. It is suggested that the same Department should make regulations that in future the premises used for the production of creamery butter should be registered with the Department and that this registration should not be allowed until the Department is satisfied that the butter produced is in truth creamery butter. No premises should be registered as a creamery which requires to be registered under the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts, 1875 to 1907. This is a very necessary regulation. The other regulations refer to inspection, trade descriptions and labels of Irish butter. It is proposed that no butter shall be consigned from any creamery in any package or wrapper which is not marked with the words "Irish Creamery Butter" and with a special registered mark or number to be allotted by the Department. The number or mark will vary with each creamery. The proprietors themselves are urged to see to it that the high standard of quality is kept up by those who send in milk and that they should be strict in refusing milk that is not suitable. These are obviously most reasonable and sensible conditions. Unless each of the contributors to the butter supply takes care to send his share in as pure a condition as possible, it is evident that the finished product itself cannot be clean. The same remarks apply to those concerned with the production of factory butter. The Committee points out that some owners of factories do not attach sufficient importance to the quality of the butter which they buy from the farmers. Of course, there is always the temptation to work up cheap and bad butter with good butter so as to produce uniformity indeed, but a uniformity that is under the mediocre. Another point of the greatest importance is that Irish dairy-farmers should make strong efforts to keep up the supply during winter. Probably they may attain this end by attending more to forage crops and depending less on grass, following in this the example of the Danes. But, at any rate, some means must be taken to ensure a larger winter supply of Irish butter. Customers can never be depended on for sticking to it unless they can ensure receiving their supplies all the year round.

These are the chief points of the Report made by the Departmental Committee, and it will be seen that they are the outcome of practical and sound knowledge. If the suggestions were adopted, it is obvious that the Irish butter industry would derive great benefit from them.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Viscountess Gladstone (of Lanark), younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Paget. She was married in 1901.

It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



LORD EVERSLEY, in the days when he was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, was so assiduous an advocate of the preservation of commons that his name will be ever associated with that of the society which exists for the purpose. He has lived to see an unpopular cause become popular. In these days we are all in favour of preserving commons, just as a hundred years ago there was a rage for enclosure. One point, however, Lord Eversley has not achieved. This is to secure the regulation of commons so that they shall be protected from mutilation and defacement. Within the Metropolitan Police District this is done efficiently by the Act passed in 1866, but that measure does not apply to the rest of England. The difficulty is illustrated very practically by the story of Lord Onslow and the fine expanse of moorland called Merrow Common. Lord Onslow, as Lord of the Manor, has kindly offered to hand his rights over to a committee of local residents, who will put them into use to prevent disfigurement. But as a regulation scheme has not been passed through Parliament they will not be able to enforce their bye-laws by means of penalties. Lord Eversley hopes yet to induce the House of Lords to yield the point he has striven for since 1876.

An event of interest and importance will take place next month, when the first group of emigrants to take up the new style of holding planned by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy will leave England. This will be the most decided effort yet made to attract the man of capital to Canada. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and his colleagues in the management of the Canadian Pacific line, in working out this scheme, recognised the fact that a farmer with money does not feel inclined to give his time and energy to the work of clearing the forest, building a home and generally speaking undertaking the hardships of the frontiersman. He wishes to get at his chosen task of cultivating the soil with as little delay as possible. In these homesteads he may begin at once, and the hope is that a superior kind of emigrant will be attracted, one who does not fear work or a certain amount of roughness and hardship, but whose means exempt him from the necessity of toiling for years after the manner of the labouring men who go abroad.

It is generally supposed that the most desirable emigrants to a new country are married couples with children. This is not so in Australia. At the stations there is a great demand for those who are married but childless, as then work can easily be found, the man to work out on the station, the woman for the laundry and the house. Why this is so has been explained by the Australian journalist. Land in New South Wales is owned by two classes who are responsible for this arrangement, viz., individuals who prefer to live in England, and banks or other financial institutions. These cannot be acquitted of taking a selfish view of what they require in their servants. It is inconvenient to them that maternal duties should wholly or in part occupy a woman whose work is needed on the station. That it should be so is against the interest of the State, which requires that its citizens should increase in numbers, and it is to be hoped that publicity will cause an alteration of policy. It is monstrous to think that an emigrant otherwise suitable should be rejected only because he has "encumbrances."

All who recognise the close connection between insects and the health of human beings owe a debt of gratitude to the African Entomological Research Committee. Last year two experienced entomologists, Mr. S. A. Neave and Mr. J. J. Simpson, were sent out to Africa not only to collect specimens, but to urge and teach residents to pursue the study of insects in their relation to health. The collections are to be sent to the Natural History Museum, where they will be arranged by Mr. Guy Marshall. In every case the life-history of the insect will be worked out as far as possible, since it is generally at a particular stage, usually an early one, at which the damage is done. The importance of the matter to tropical medicine becomes apparent when we think of the vegetable products destroyed by insects and also that they are responsible for disseminating the germs of such terrible diseases as plague, sleeping sickness, yellow fever and malaria. A periodical publication to be called the "Bulletin of Entomological Research" is being issued for the purpose of collecting, digesting and arranging the knowledge gained by field-workers in this department.

Imagination may riot in vain in the effort to suggest why so many people have not claimed the dividends due to them on Government stock. According to a recently issued Parliamentary paper those "due and not demanded" amounted on April 2nd of last year to £93,094, on July 2nd to £77,241, on October 2nd to £72,182 and on January 3rd, 1910, to £73,019. The unclaimed stock and dividends now amount to no less a sum than £5,000,000. No doubt there is a considerable class of investors who are very secretive in regard to their financial arrangements; but even when they die without disclosing what they have done with their money it is astonishing that in so many cases surviving relatives or others interested do not succeed in finding the scrip or bonds, though there may possibly be a proportion of eccentrics who destroy these evidences of wealth. We can scarcely believe that the British Government does not take every possible means of ascertaining to whom the money is due.

APRIL.

Blue gingham petticoats,
White blown aprons,
Five pairs of plump legs,
Twinkling down the hill,
Black-imprisoned plump legs,
Fretful for the stream-bed,
Tired of shoes and stockings,
Dancing like a rill,
Dancing down the hill-side,
So run the children.
Like a rill in sunshine,
So dance they,
Seek the solemn waters,
Marching to the ocean,
Set the solemn waters
Laughing at their play,
So into my heart come,
Silver it with laughter,
Lest among the shadows
Lost should be its way,
So into my heart come,
Rosamund and Daphne,
Marian and Rosemary,
And little baby May.

H. H. BASHFORD.

In a recent issue we published a letter from a correspondent who was suffering from an invasion of black-beetles in his kitchen. From the number of replies that have been received it would appear that many British householders have experienced this sort of thing, and that they feel very sympathetic towards any new sufferer. We have not been able to publish a tithe of the letters sent us on the subject; but, while thanking our correspondents for having written them, they have been forwarded to the proper quarter. It strikes us as very curious that, while there seem to be hundreds of specifics warranted to get rid of black-beetles, there are very few people who appear to have been able to deal satisfactorily with mice. Of course, the majority rely on our old ally the domestic cat. But in these days there are many people living in country houses who take a special delight in feeding and petting wild birds, and the cat has not yet been so civilised that the robin or the tit is safe in its neighbourhood. One of our correspondents makes the very interesting statement that the smell of mint will drive mice away. We should like to have this point elucidated by those who have made the experiment.

The idea of getting oysters from the Western Coast of Ireland is by no means a novel one. Almost from the first days of the institution of the parcel post, which made the process possible, a certain number of people in England have

been in the habit of having oysters sent them once or twice weekly during the season from the coast of Sligo. Now, we are told, there is to be a considerable development of the oyster importation to England from Ireland, and especially from Galway. Irish oysters from certain estuaries have not always been regarded as quite above suspicion, yet there certainly are some places, and probably there are many, on the Irish West Coast where there is no danger of pollution from any nearer source than New York. The oysters that come from that coast are rather small, but they are of excellent flavour, really better than those which have been fattened on oatmeal for the market. It is, of course, possible to fatten these Irish oysters just as well as others; but there is no doubt that this process, while increasing the oyster's size, takes something of its flavour from it.

Many important changes are recommended in the report of the committee appointed to enquire into the law affecting coroners. Its perusal leaves the impression that Sir M. D. Chalmers and his colleagues would have liked to suggest the abolition of juries at inquests, and only refrained from doing so because "the jury system is so deeply rooted in English life and history." Originally it was of the very essence of the British constitution, but that was in days when things were different from what they are now. People were more of a stay-at-home character, and thus "the twelve good men and true" knew the local circumstances of the individual whose death they had to enquire into. In the great towns of to-day a man often does not know his neighbour by name even, and it not infrequently happens that a coroner's jury are as ignorant as strangers could be of the case they have to enquire into. When that is so they have lost their chief advantage, as their minds are not trained to weigh and sift evidence.

The recommendations of the committee may be briefly summarised. In future only barristers, solicitors and doctors shall be eligible for appointment as coroners. Retirement at sixty-five should be compulsory. Fire inquests should be extended; treasure-trove inquests held only by express order of the Treasury. In many respects the committee favour the Scottish system of private enquiry by the Procurator Fiscal. Thus, a post-mortem examination might be ordered without an inquest being bound to follow. Viewing the body, a perfunctory and generally useless "march past," should be abolished except when the coroner thinks it is specially desirable. Where private family affairs are to be enquired into, the coroner should have power to exclude reporters. This is a very sensible proposal. It is indefensible to argue that because a man, for example, commits suicide the private affairs of a business firm should have to be made public—a thing that happens daily. *Felo de se* as a verdict should be abolished; all that the verdict should declare in case of suicide is that a man died by his own hand and how. The goods of the suicide are not now forfeited, nor is he buried at the junction of four cross roads, so that the "temporary insanity" verdict is unnecessary. It never could have been a true one, as who is to know whether the insanity of a dead man was temporary or permanent?

This year the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was rowed on the day after we went to press. The Easter holidays necessitated our performing that operation a day earlier than usual. It was a one-sided contest. On the morning before it took place every important newspaper in London named the winning crew. Still, Cambridge were at least successful in keeping alive the traditions connected with this event. Although their prospects were almost hopeless from the beginning, they rowed like men determined to win and, indeed, in the early part of the contest were able to secure a slight lead over their opponents. But Mr. Bourne, the Oxford stroke, probably reckoned on this. Cambridge were leading at Harrods' Wharf, but on approaching Hammersmith Mr. Bourne quickened his stroke to thirty-five, and the Oxford men, answering splendidly, shot through the bridge half a length in front. The advantage was more than maintained, and in the end Oxford won easily. It no doubt was a consolation to the vanquished to know that the crew they had opposed was, in the estimation of rowing experts, one of the greatest that has ever been seen on the river.

The cultivation of vegetables has undergone considerable change during the past few years, and many who were formerly content with the ordinary kinds as they came in season now demand greater variety, and these at dates that gardeners of a decade or two ago would have considered impossible. No doubt the so-called French gardening or intensive culture is responsible for much of this change. With a moderate amount of artificial heat at command many kinds of vegetables and salads can be had early in the year, as was demonstrated at the exhibition in the Royal Horticultural Hall last week. Peas, French beans, cucumbers, mushrooms, potatoes, tomatoes and lettuces were a few only of the forced kinds to be seen. In addition to artificial heat and intelligent management of these early crops, the selection of suitable varieties is undoubtedly

an important factor. It is useless to attempt to secure early salads and vegetables unless close attention is given to this point. Then, again, there is frequently a tendency on the part of the gardener to force the crops too rapidly, and the result is overgrown stems and leaves and little if any produce. A few of the leading gardeners of the past were successful with early vegetables and salads; but this kind of tillage is now becoming much more common. In speaking of forced vegetables we ought not to overlook those available from the outdoor garden. By the selection of suitable varieties, broccoli, cabbages and leeks can be had at the end of March.

Certainly there is a considerable danger to our gardens this year in the premature manner in which the roses were putting out their leaf all the early part of March. Of course, this was growth which would not, in any case, be of much use to the flowers, for the wise gardener prunes back his roses very drastically towards the latter end of that month. We really hardly know as yet what the winter has done for us, with our roses. It is not until a little later than this that we discover the extent of the dead wood which is the result of the nips of the severe frost. Last summer we suffered heavily from losses of this character, occasioned by the severe and prolonged cold in the winter. This last winter we have had a short but a rather sharp spell of cold, and there is reason to hope that the roses may have passed well through it. They are looking healthy—only rather too vigorous—and this growth so early in the year fills one with some apprehensions. Still, if we escape severe frost now we shall do well enough.

THE FLIRT.

Men love to see a woman's wares displayed;
They cry, "No empty windows! Show us all!"
And I?—I decked my window at their call,
And showed my best
Again and yet again: their praise outweighed
My spirit's faint unrest.

I never thought to suffer as to-day,
Who never meant to love, but only wed;
(Have I not said "I love you?"—Now 'tis said!)
For Love is lord,
And I desired no master to obey—
So now Love bares his sword.

What have I saved for you, beloved—your?
I bring no secret treasure, small or great;
No smile nor kiss have kept inviolate;
All, all are spoiled
By others' use, and that which should be new
Is—what's the term?—shop-soiled.

You shrink?—'tis well. One gift I had in store
Not staled, and not appraised by other eyes,
(So profitless it ranks as merchandise!)
'Tis dear as youth;
Take it and go, beloved! Nothing more
Have I, who give you Truth.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Liverpool has lately increased its water supply by linking Lake Vyrnwy, its original source, to the Cownwy and the Marchnant, by means of underground aqueducts. It is not Liverpool alone, but some thirty odd townlets besides that are being served from this supply. Birmingham has its water from Rhayader in the Welsh hills. Manchester has gone to the Lake Country. Bristol has its Blagdon reservoir. The question for the Londoner begins to be imminent as his immense city, or congeries of cities, continues to increase, how long his present fine supply may serve him, out of the Father of Rivers and other sources near at hand in the Hertfordshire hills, and whether he, or his posterity, may not find themselves one fine day left high and dry, and all the big reservoirs of the hills already tapped by those other cities that have been beforehand. It is a prospect which ought fairly to be faced. In the meantime the making of these reservoirs means the making of fine homes for rainbow and other trout, giving splendid sport and providing a certain income, out of the licences for fishing for them, to the water companies or the corporations.

It is probable that in the depths of their hearts few people have any real faith in the nostrums which are proposed to make unemployment in Great Britain a thing of the past. While the population continues to increase, and the area of our islands is limited, it seems inevitable that the scheme which relieves, in a measure, the unemployment of to-day, will still find a new batch of unemployed in the forthcoming generation. In these circumstances an utterance recently delivered in London by the Hon. N. J. Moore, Premier of Western Australia, is worth some notice. "My mission in London," he declared, "is to preach the gospel of emigration!" In this gospel must lie the only possible solution as our home population increases.

There is a great revival of interest in the West Country in that perennial subject of interest throughout the ages, the divining-rod. This time it is not so much in its use as a water-finding instrument that the interest is newly aroused as in its virtue for the discovery of precious or other metal in the bowels of the earth. An investigation is about to be conducted under the management of the Cornish Higher Education Authority to determine, once for all, if it be possible, the ability of the diviners to detect the hidden minerals. Of course, the idea that

the divining-rod is sensitive to the presence of metal beneath the ground is as old as that of its response to a subterranean spring of water. It is said that some striking experiments of the kind have been made lately by Prince von Carolath in the presence of the German Emperor, and that in each test the diviner was successful in discovering the spot in which metals had been buried in the earth by the sudden downward bending of the rod. Belief in the divining-rod is a survival of mediæval superstition, but a superstition which dies very hard.

THE NATURAL COLOURS OF SPRING.

SPRING is peculiar to the temperate zone; but even here it has grades of quality. The Spring of Southern Europe is really an early summer. Nature there, like man, is precocious; but the essence of Spring is prolonged youth. Speaking with complete impartiality, without insularity and—without prejudice, we may claim for our islands the true perfection of the “glad season.” This perfection depends, it may be suggested, chiefly on two things—English air and English grass. As our atmosphere grows warmer, it acquires a peculiar freshness quite distinct in character from that of colder seasons. To the senses it has a tang; its days are “dagger-days” now and then; to the imagination it suggests virginal

chastity, but a chastity that promises a strong issue. It is the air of clean youth,

Pure from the night and splendid for the day.

This quality, lasting right up to June, helps largely to make our Spring what it is, and doubtless has had as much to do as the cold of winter with the strengthening and energising of our English physique. Life still seems in Spring to be

at her grindstone set,

That she may give us edging keen,

String us for battle.

Growth, in both man and Nature, thus chiselled by the air, has the restrained force of the best creations; it is clean, austere and strong. Moreover, this edged air, often at its keenest in May, prolongs the youth of the new foliage, so that an English Spring, graded as it is by relays of different vegetation, extends well into four months. English children, too, possess this extended youth, and it is Nature's law that the longer adolescence is, the higher is the standard of the species.

English grass, on lawn and pasture, is the despair of other countries. Our poets have hardly done it justice. Yet Chaucer, who sometimes, as in his verses on the daisy, comes very near to the spirit of Wordsworth, has a delicious phrase worth many poems:

the smallë softë sweetë grass.

As March comes in one can see the young blades among the old, like children among their elders. Their greenness is unmistakable. With the indigo of the pines it makes the first chord of a symphony of green which lasts till autumn. Spring is an education in colour, but to most of us this is a specialisation in green. One realises what meaning there is in the simple phrase—the green earth. With curious austerity the writer of “A Hymn to Colour” chose brown as the colour-symbol of our world. He had the best edition of his books bound in brown covers. By way of improving on this conceit we once had Meredith's poems bound in grass green vellum with the inner covers in brown.

It is not for nothing that green, of all colours, has most affinity with the eye. To sight, our highest sense, we owe three-fourths of our knowledge, and consequently of our imaginings of Nature. From March to June it is exercised in weaving into our souls a harmony of green. The young grass and the emerald tips of the hawthorn are the prelude; the melody becomes full with the young leaves of the trees.



W. Reid.

PALE PRIMROSES THAT DIE UNMARRIED.

Copyright.

The larches and birches slowly cover themselves with a mist of green, so slowly that the brown of the one and the purple of the other pass into green you cannot tell when. And at last the larch wood is like the ribbon of a green spectrum, of which the trunks are the lines. Meanwhile, the oaks open their packets of leaves, till every tree is a mass of dead gold points. Perhaps the beech gives us the most exquisite sensations of green. There is something liquid and cool about the young leaves of the beech. The eye seems to bathe in them, as in a bath of liquid chrysoprase.

Looking into these depths of cool pale green, sight becomes sacramental; you and your thoughts are one with what you see. "The mind," says Marvell,

that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Not every English county possesses the wild cherry. Long before itself or most trees are in leaf it is a mass of white blossom, often beautifully moulded. Many of these trees are as big as



W. R. Gay.

THE SNOWDROP'S DROOPING HEAD.

Copyright.

elms, and a wooded country-side, as in parts of Berkshire, spangled with these islands of exquisite whiteness, is, when first seen, a revelation. This is Meredith's "white virgin" of the forest; to him "the pure white cherry in bloom" was:

A young apparition;
Known, yet wonderful,
white
Surpassingly,
striking on the
eyes as "the birth
of light."

As lovers of the country know, the gradual painting of Nature's great picture which occupies the whole of Spring is worth watching step by step. The background of green grass or purple

heather is first broken by the golden splashes of the gorse. Most of us are familiar with this shrub's remarkable flowering energy; hardly a month of the year but it shows blossom. Before the hedgerows are green they are studded with the small white blooms of the blackthorn. Then begins a veritable riot of various foliage—hawthorn in the hedges, birch and beech and larch, elm and oak, which last always seems to precede the ash, showing the old proverb to be intentionally optimistic, though, alas! we cannot always trust it. The variety of shades and qualities of green is very noticeable; every shrub and tree has its own, which itself changes from week to week. But, as summer approaches, these shades lose their vividness



M. C. Cottam.

SPRING'S TAPESTRY.

Copyright.

and purity; their individuality disappears; they become assimilated to each other. By midsummer the greater part of the foliage is reduced to one dead level of a dull dark green from which the glory has passed away.

No season has such a poignant appeal as Spring. In the new air, the new grass, the new leaves, in the budding flowers and in the song of birds, it speaks of life and youth, life renewed and youth eternal. At no season have we so close a communion with Nature, and one is glad to know that this harmony is no mere ideal sentiment of the poets, but that it rests on physical facts. In the web of life we are bound closer to what we call Nature than ever poet dreamed. And the sun weaves the web which it illuminates.

Humanity has always been conscious of this attuning of man to Nature, sometimes dimly enough, sometimes with no little practicality. Readers of "The Golden Bough" are aware that the folk-culture of the world is practically based upon this knowledge. Those thousands of Spring customs and rites connected with the growth of vegetation prove that the knowledge is fundamental. Very naïve are some of its earliest expressions. Even an ancient Greek poet was primitive enough to speak of Spring as "the fourth and best season, when things grow and when one cannot eat enough." And the earliest folk-customs are purely magical rites intended to assist the growth of the corn. But, as man grew in wisdom, earth



T. A. Metcalfe.

A LIGHT REPAST.

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came to be more than "a green solid place" which produces "corn and several other things." Even when it lost its divinity, it gained, for by the loss man realised his affinity with Nature. Ultimately the lesson of Spring is concerned with chlorophyll and molecular physics; but between carbon and our thoughts is an infinite series of beautiful relations, which make life richer and deeper, and our outlook on life more steady and more whole.

Fully to realise these relations is the privilege of the lover of the country. Yet, just as full summer lacks the mystical charm of Spring, just as in all fruition there is some disillusion—has not someone said, "There is nothing so disappointing as failure, except success"?—so the mind still prefers to see Nature through a veil. And this veil is spread by Spring. And so, though

In my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow

Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift

Bird and blade to the sunward,

yet one stops there, content to know that

To earth's life and mine some presence or dream or desire

(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and goes—

Rapture of life ineffable, perfect—as if in the trier,

Leafless there by my door, trembles the sense of a rose.

Youth and maidenhood, so prone to wistfulness and melancholy in the midst of unreasoned delight, are the peculiar protégés of Spring. It is surely here, in the fact that the fount of tears is close to the fount of laughter, that we should place the "fickleness" of Spring.

It is the old, old story; but the more highly man is developed the less does he envy the flowers, which after their annual death come up once again, and the more does he appreciate change and rhythm in Nature and in his experience of her moods. An anonymous contemporary of Shakespeare notes the point thus:

The rarer pleasure is, it is more sweet,
And friends are kindest when they seldom meet.

Who would not hear the nightingale still sing,
Or who grew ever weary of the Spring?



T. A. Metcalfe.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

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He then enlarges on the reason:

The day must have her night, the Spring her fall;
All is divided, none is lord of all.

But, with charming inconsistency, he concludes by giving his philosophy the lie:

It were a most delightful thing
To live in a perpetual Spring.

A. E. CRAWLEY.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE NEW FERTILISERS.

IT is now a considerable time since what are known as the new fertilisers came before the agricultural world, and, seeing that they have been represented as being fully equal in value to nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia,

the value of the new stimulants at Rothamsted, and a first trial was made last year, side by side with the old ones, barley being the subject of the experiments and Archer's Stiff Straw the variety. The land was a heavy clay loam in poor condition, not having been dressed with dung for many years. Three hundred-weight per acre of superphosphate (thirty-seven per cent. soluble) was applied to all the plots, of which there were ten, all the plots being duplicated. Each plot was dressed with fifty pounds per acre of one or other of the four fertilisers, except two, which received the superphosphate alone. The following were the total yields of grain per acre in pounds, taking the average of the duplicated plots: (1) superphosphate alone, 1,709lb.; (2) with nitrate of soda, 2,827lb.; (3) with nitrate of lime, 2,848lb.; (4) with sulphate of ammonia, 2,953lb.; (5) with cyanamide, 2,707lb. The total yields of straw per acre were: (1) superphosphate alone, 2,619lb.; (2) with nitrate of soda, 3,881lb.; (3) with nitrate of lime, 4,448lb.; (4) with sulphate of ammonia, 3,517lb.; (5) with cyanamide, 3,976lb. With regard to the quality of the barley, there was extremely little difference in the produce of the manures so far as weight per bushel is a criterion, but the sulphate of ammonia gave the largest proportion of grain to straw as well as slightly the largest yield of grain. The result of the trials shows conclusively the great increase of yield both of grain and straw produced by the nitrogenous manures over that obtained by superphosphate alone, the increase representing over two quarters per acre for the very small outlay on fifty pounds of manure per acre. But the most important point brought out by the trials was that the effects of the new and old manures were practically the same, and if this is confirmed by future tests, whatever may be the reduction in cost by using the new ones will be so much to the good. The first consequence of such an outcome would, of course, be that nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia must fall in market value or cease to compete with the new fertilisers.

A. T. M.

LAMBS AND TURNIP-TOPS.

I HAVE already noticed fields of rape, white turnips, etc., knotting for bloom, and unless checked by frosts these and other roots will probably be in flower before they are all consumed. Lambs greedily devour turnip-tops and, as a rule, thrive remarkably well on them; but when the blossoms first appear, either the flower or the juicy stalks often cause young lambs to scour. To guard against losses from such a cause, it is as well to see that the shepherd cuts the stalks, with a hook or a scythe, every day in front of the lambs' fold. The stems, after they have been severed from the bulbs for about twenty-four hours, become sufficiently withered, and in that state lambs can eat them with impunity. W.

PIGS AND PIG-KEEPING.

Although the price of bacon continues so high as to make it a luxury of the rich instead of, as it used to be, a necessity of the poor, there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of a glut in the market.

A Departmental Committee is about to enquire into the subject of swine fever and the effect of the precautionary measures that have to be taken, but swine fever is not the cause. Just now the total number of pigs in the country is just about the same as it was in the year 1882. Pig-keeping is more profitable in Denmark than it is in this country, because in Denmark there are more dairies and, consequently, more dairy refuse for the pigs. The industry is not profitable when all the feeding-stuffs have to be bought. The position is curious. We send the Danes wheat offals to feed their pigs, and then buy the bacon. Of course it is not really the feeding, but only the finishing that is done on wheat offals.



W. Reid.

A WOODLAND COUCH.

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while being lower in price, it is a matter of the greatest importance that the true facts of the case should be investigated and made known. Here, if anywhere, is an instance of the great services which can be rendered to agriculture by a competent and reliable experimental station. These two nitrogenous fertilisers, viz., calcium cyanamide and nitrate of lime, are the products of a new process in which the nitrogen is extracted from the air. It is thought that when the discovery has been more developed, such an inexhaustible source of supply may be a great benefit to agriculture. No time has been lost in testing



W. Abrey.

ALONG THE HEDGEROW.

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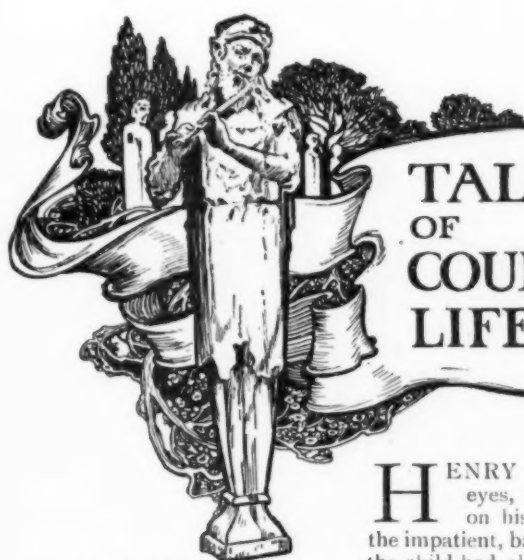
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W. Reid.

IN THE TROSSACHS.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE MAKING OF HIM.

BY

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



HENRY BASTOW'S eyes, as they rested on his son, assumed the impatient, baffled look that the child had already learnt to

dread. He edged nervously to the door.

"Stand still, Ernest," commanded his father. "Harriet," he demanded of his wife, "will you kindly tell me what's the matter with the boy now, and why he doesn't grow?"

Ernest's mother glanced up with a rather harassed air, which looked out of place on her plump, healthy face.

"I'm sure I don't know, Henry. He's taking his cod-liver oil regularly, and doing his Swedish exercises, and I never allow him anything but a drink of barley-water for supper ever since Dr. Skeat said how bad for him it was."

Ernest wriggled guiltily against the door.

"Don't do that," said his father, sharply. "Well, all I can say, Harriet, is that he doesn't do you any credit." His tone, no less than his words, disclaimed joint responsibility for so unsatisfactory an investment as Ernest, and his wife amicably let it pass.

Suddenly he straightened his huge shoulders and slapped the table beneath his hand.

"Cold baths, Harriet," he said. "That's the thing! Stiffens you up for the day; thoroughly bracing and healthy. Never tried them myself; but then, look at me—no need to. Now with Ernest there, as likely as not they'll be the making of him. You put him in a cold bath, Harriet, every morning—dead cold, mind—and let's see what that'll do for him." He frowned menacingly at his passive little son. "And no shirking, Ernest. Don't let me hear of any shirking, mind."

Ernest resorted again to his irritating, apologetic trick of wriggling. "No, father," he said, meekly, and felt all a child's secret, swelling sense of injustice because he was being warned not to do what he had never yet thought of doing—resist. He did not understand that his father was always unconsciously longing for some touch of rebellion—of devilry in him, that would prove him a boy as other boys, a creature of initiative and vitality.

So the cold baths became for a time the pivot of Ernest's day; they were succeeded in turn by physical culture classes, swimming lessons, riding lessons, vegetarianism and varied spasmodic courses of all the other pursuits that his father, in recurring fits of optimism, decided would be the making of him. Yet at eighteen Ernest was not appreciably nearer completion than at eight. His body, indeed, was stronger, but his passivity of will, his awkwardness and indecision, the utter want of self-poise in his character, were as an ever-present blot of failure on the fair page of his father's successes. In the bitterness of his disappointment Henry Bastow hit hard.

"I'm not going to ask you what you want to do," he said, when Ernest left school. "I'm not going to have my name disgraced by your playing the fool around somebody else. If you're a born fool, you'd better come and be it in my office; we can keep it dark there. And if you ever think better of it, why, we can talk about what you want to do when you've shown some capacity for doing anything."

But that was what Ernest never showed. For five years he spoiled paper and muddled accounts and bewildered clients in his father's office, and received the meagre salary befitting such services. And then, when he was twenty-three, his father conceived his constructive masterpiece.

"Harriet," he said abruptly one day, "do you know how old Ernest is?"

Mrs. Bastow gave her comfortable, chuckling laugh. "Why, bless me, Henry, of course I do. He was twenty-three last seventeenth of November."

Henry Bastow stared thoughtfully out of the window. "And I was twenty-one when I married you, Harriet."

His wife smiled reminiscently. "Yes. But, then, look how you had got on. You could afford to marry at twenty-one."

"Yes, yes!" He frowned impatiently. "But I wasn't thinking of that. Of course Ernest doesn't get on, but I can afford to have him marry if I want to." "Marry?" Mrs. Bastow gasped. "Has Ernest been telling you he's thinking of marrying?"

Henry Bastow gave a short, contemptuous laugh. "When did Ernest ever think of anything? No; I've been thinking of it. Marriage might be the making of him, Harriet, and I've a good mind to try it."

Even to Mrs. Bastow, accustomed as she was to seeing Ernest "run" by his father, the project seemed a bold and strange one. "But, Henry!" she expostulated. "How in the world will you do it?"

"Oh, it's easy enough," he said, confidently if a trifle vaguely. "The great thing is to decide on the girl. Who would you think now, Harriet?"

Mrs. Bastow had not been so inobservant throughout her married life as to be unaware, at this point, that her husband's choice was already made. Nevertheless, she played up to him good-humouredly, suggesting name after name. He rejected them all, on various counts.

"What should you say now," he proposed in the fulness of time, "to Rosanna, Harriet?—little Rosanna Lane?"

Mrs. Bastow was genuinely surprised. "Why, she's a baby, Henry, not six months out of the schoolroom."

"She must be nineteen for all that, and a pretty slip of a thing, too. To have a young wife like that might be the making of Ernest."

In a dim, wordless way he had realised that perhaps his own superabundant vitality and strength had fostered Ernest's torpor and colourlessness. His wife divined something of his meaning.

"Yes, it might," she said, "if he could get her."

"Get her? Of course he shall get her! I'll go and see Mrs. Lane to-morrow, and put things all shipshape for him."

So by the time Ernest was told of his proposed marriage it was an understood thing that his offer would not be rejected. What he would have done if his father had ordered him to propose to anyone but Rosanna he did not stop to consider. Since it was Rosanna it did not matter.

"Am I—am I to ask her myself?" he stammered, dizzily.

Henry Bastow gave a great shout of derisive laughter.

"Is he to ask her himself? D'you hear that, Harriet? Yes, of course you are, and very lucky you may think yourself to know beforehand what the answer will be."

Even then Ernest could hardly believe it. All his life the various processes that had tried and failed to be the making of him had been either actively unpleasant, or, at the very least, tiresome and uninteresting. He had, as it were, looked on at them all from the outside, never taking any personal part in the business of his creation. But this, he saw confusedly, would be different. If Rosanna were going to consent to be the making of him, he felt himself capable of giving, so to speak, a hand. No one, under such an exquisite spur, could do less. In his dumb, awkward, scared way he had worshipped her for years. She made him think of apple blossom and dancing sunlight and all the careless riot of spring; and when, in answer to his painful, stumbling question, she nodded her head and then ran from him in a sudden, wild, young panic, he knew that his marriage would make him a man. That he should attempt to become one before his marriage did not, somehow, occur to him. It all rested on Rosanna.

And then, quite suddenly, one day Rosanna failed him.

They were within a month of their wedding-day, and she was singing to his accompaniment. As an accompanist he was admirable. He had, at any rate, the qualities of his defects; he

could follow a lead—interpret—anticipate with exquisite, intuitive sympathy.

The hot spring sun poured into the room; Rosanna's high lark-notes pierced his soul with their beauty; he was in a dream.

Suddenly a note quavered, flattened and broke, and Rosanna had flung herself in a storm of tears on the sofa.

"Rosanna!" he faltered, aghast, "Rosanna, are you ill?"

She shook her head. "I'm—frightened," she gasped. Her eyes, appealing and startled as a gazelle's, searched his face. "It's not like that to me—not a bit; is it to you?"

"What?" he asked, bewildered.

"That." She pointed to the song that had fallen to the floor. "Love and—being married." She shuddered, covering her face with her hands. "I can't! I can't!" she moaned.

His heart gave a sick throb. "Can't what, Rosanna?"

"Marry you," she whispered.

He stared down at her as she sat—a young, crushed, helpless thing—and marvelled. It was actually he, he told himself incredulously, who had brought her to that. Then of his fierce compassion for her was born something strange and new—a steadiness of purpose such as he had never known.

"Rosanna," he said; "my dear, I didn't know. Don't cry and don't be afraid. You shan't do anything you don't want to."

She looked up at him gratefully but without hope. "It's no good," she said. "We can't help ourselves. Oh, don't you see? It's not *we* who count at all; it's your father and my mother."

He listened uncomprehendingly.

"Oh, you know what *he* thinks," Rosanna cried. "He says marriage will be the making of you." She flared into sudden passionate rebellion, heedless, with youthful egoism, of her victim. "I'm so young," she panted. "I don't want to marry anyone—not anyone at all; but if I did I shouldn't want to make him; I should want him *made*."

His face whitened, and she was smitten with swift remorse.

"Oh, I'm a wretch, Ernest! You're a dear, and I *do* like you, only—only I'd rather not get married."

"I understand," he said, gently. "Don't worry any more; it's all over."

"If only it could be! But—but don't you understand more than that? If I don't marry you he's going to make mother suffer for it."

"Suffer? How?"

Her head drooped. "We owe him money. That lawsuit we lost—he advanced the fees—"

"Rosanna!" His voice was sharp with the sting of it. "They've brought *pressure* to bear on you?"

She did not answer in words, but there was no mistaking the faint wonder in her eyes. Who, except under pressure, would marry Ernest Bastow? That unconscious wondering look cut at the very root of self-respect; he saw himself suddenly under the pitiless limelight of it—a creature infinitely worthless, without purpose and without justification.

Yet there was no time to think of that for the moment; he had to help Rosanna.

"What can we do?" he asked, falteringly.

She sighed.

"What can we? A girl can't do anything unless she's been trained to earn her own living; and you—well, you can't afford to defy your father."

It was only what he had been thinking, too; yet when she put it into words it was a fact too shameful to face.

"I can!" he cried. "Rosanna, I can!"

For the first time in his life it did indeed seem possible. Rosanna sat silent; he could see his words sounded idle to her.

"Listen," he said. "I will go away, and I will leave a letter making it plain I have gone because I—didn't want to marry you. My father will be furious, but with me he won't be unjust. He won't make you or your mother suffer for what I have done."

Rosanna looked at him spell-bound. "You will go away?"

"Yes."

She drew a quivering breath and her eyes shone. It reminded him of something; for a moment he could not remember what. Then it came to him—she was like a crocus opening to the sun.

"Thank you! Thank you!" she whispered, with sweet, tremulous lips. But in a moment she forced herself to think of him. "How will you live?" she asked, anxiously. "What can you do?"

He hesitated.

Rosanna twisted her fingers. "Oh, it's impossible!" she half sobbed. "Of course, you can't go; we were mad to think of it."

He stood up, smiling reassuringly. "Good-bye, Rosanna; I am going."

She was torn with nervous remorse. "But you can't! Oh, Ernest, you mustn't! What can you do if you go?"

He flushed a little with the shame of her remembered words, but he did not shirk them.

"I can try to make myself," he said.

With his hat pulled low over his eyes, and at a swift yet unobtrusive walk, Ernest Bastow made his way through the market-day crowd, and reached the deserted river path. There he slackened his pace, and his eyes lingered on the familiar landmarks. At the little white gate that led up to Lydia's cottage he stopped. Lydia, his old nurse, would be glad to see him. He was halfway up the path before a sensation of strangeness attacked him. Casement curtains fluttered at the open windows that were wont to be shut and banked inside with tiers of geranium pots; a cat lay stretched in the porch, and Lydia hated cats; the unsightly bicycle shed, where Lydia had kept almost everything except bicycles, was replaced by a latticed wall heavy with roses, that concealed the vegetable garden. He was unreasonably angry. Lydia had left or was dead; so much was clear. And he had neither part nor lot in this glorified cottage. He turned back, and Rosanna was standing outside the gate.

For a moment they neither moved nor spoke. Then Rosanna held out her hand. "You have come at last," she said.

"At last? I have come at once."

She opened the gate. "You didn't see the advertisements?"

"I saw one yesterday. I have been in England less than a week."

There was a pause. "My mother?" he asked at last.

Rosanna nodded reassuringly. "I have just come from her. She doesn't sleep very well at night nowadays, you see, but if I sit with her a little while in the afternoon she sometimes makes up for it then. She is asleep now."

His eyes thanked her dumbly. The kindness—the tenderness of her!

"You don't look well," Rosanna said, suddenly. "What is it?"

He realised that he was feeling faint and giddy. "I—I think I haven't had much to eat to-day, that's all," he stammered.

She seemed to wince a little, and he wondered why.

"Will you come in with me?" she suggested, hurriedly.

"We can have tea, and still be back before Mrs. Bastow wakes."

She led the way to the cottage. In her cool green cotton dress that swung and swayed with the lithe grace of her walk she looked to him like some spring flower that had miraculously out-lived the spring.

"Don't you wonder at my living here?" she flashed round at him suddenly.

"You *live* here?"

"Yes."

"Then Lydia is—?"

She nodded. "Two years ago. They wanted her to go to the hospital, but she was dying, and I saved her from that. I looked after her here. No, don't say anything, please. It was nothing—nothing at all. I was glad just then to be a good deal away from home." She hesitated. "My mother," she added, "has married again."

He tried to adjust himself to the new conditions.

"And she—they—?"

"Three was one too many," Rosanna said. "I persuaded them to let me stay on when they left. They settled on me what it would have cost them to keep me, and I live at Lydia's cottage like a princess."

At tea she sat in the window seat with her face half turned away, and told him of old friends and neighbours, of changes in the little town, innovations, new-comers—all with a sort of undercurrent of vehement kindness that puzzled him. It was as though she was passionately striving to convince him of something, something he was not likely to believe, before they came to essentials.

At last she touched on the subject of his father. "You don't know," she questioned, hesitatingly, "about his will?"

"No."

"It is a very—cruel one."

"Cruel? To me?"

"He left everything to you—on one cruel condition."

Her voice trembled, and he realised wonderingly that it was with anger against his father. "You were to have it all, but only on condition that at the time of his death you were earning at least two hundred pounds a year."

His short, bitter laugh broke the succeeding silence. "I never thought of such a thing," he said, slowly; "but—how like him! How tremendously like him!"

She turned and faced him. "Ernest, I want to tell you; I want you to believe it. Whatever you have been doing in the last six years, and however little you have earned, I want you to believe that I, at least, know."

"Know what, Rosanna?"

"That you—have made yourself." Her eyes forbade the words to hurt him.

He smiled faintly. "Made myself? No, I never did that." He leaned forward. "Rosanna, you remember that

when I was fifteen my father stopped my violin lessons because I stooped?" She nodded.

"Well, they were the only thing I cared about. I actually resisted, though no one knew. Lydia used to let me come here and practise, and then her lodger—that Polish music-master at the grammar school—took pity on me and gave me lessons."

Rosanna's eyes sparkled. "How blind I was! So all the time it was music that would have—" She stopped short of the phrase that was so heavy with memories.

"Made me?" he supplied. "It's not so certain. At any rate, I knew, even then, that I should never make music—never create. I could only love it and interpret it."

He fell into a musing silence. Rosanna could not bear it.

"What shall you do now," she asked, "when you have seen your mother?"

"Do?" He looked up absently.

"Yes." She coloured. "Oh, Ernest, don't you see? He would never have made such a will if you hadn't left home, and I drove you from home. It's my fault. Won't you let me make what amends I can? I have twice as much as I need. Won't you let us divide it?"

He made a sharp movement of pain. "Rosanna! Your pity!"

"No, no! Not that. And—and I didn't really mean divide." Her voice trembled. "Ernest, I meant—share."

For a moment he did not understand. Then he covered his face and groaned. "You would do even *that*?"

"Ernest!" she entreated.

He recovered his self-control. "You are kind," he said, quietly. "Believe me, I appreciate your kindness."

"It's not kindness."

"Ah, Rosanna, that is kindest of all. But—may I explain? I see now what you have been thinking. My clothes—they are old, because I have been waiting to get back to an English tailor, and I was hungry because I had forgotten to eat, not because— But it was natural you should think all that pointed to extreme poverty. Rosanna, I was a blundering ass not to explain sooner."

She made no sound nor movement.

"As it happens, I—I even fulfil the conditions of my father's will."

The shamed, shrinking misery of her eyes drove him blundering on in search of healing.

"At first it was hard enough. But I got work in the end with a travelling show, then at theatres and afterwards in concert orchestras. For the last eighteen months I have been first violin in an Austrian orchestra. I ought to have begun by telling you all this; I have unconsciously misled you."

She put her hand to her head in a dazed way. "You fulfil the conditions," she said. Her voice took a sharper edge. "And I—what have I done? I have flung myself at your head. I have made myself cheap before you. And even so—even so I have not been able to make myself cheap enough!" She turned away, but not before he had seen shame scorch her cheeks.

"Flung yourself? Cheap? Rosanna, do you really think I'm such a cad as not to

know why you did it? Do you think I could misunderstand your sheer generosity?" She gave him no answer.

"Rosanna, don't you really know that only one thing could have made—what you offered—possible?" He waited in vain for her to speak. "One thing, dear. If you had been different, or I; if I could have been your man—" His voice failed.

Rosanna gave a little cry and turned. In her eyes was the light that only one may see.

"Haven't I been telling you," she demanded between laughter and tears, "the whole afternoon that you are—my man?"

By some miracle her hands were in his. He looked at them bewildered. "How dared you—oh, how dared you say you hadn't made yourself?" she whispered.

"I haven't. It was you. That day you made me save you from marrying me. Don't you remember?"

Her lips quivered. "Oh, I remember! The cruelty—the fiendish cruelty of me!"

He shook his head. "No; you were right. Only, though you wouldn't marry me, Rosanna, you couldn't help making me. Did you know it was you who had done that?"

"Yes, I knew." She drew his hands up to her face with a little sob. "My man! My man! How often must I tell you that ever since—oh, ever since!—I have wanted the man I made?"

"WHEN LAMBS DO PLAY."

NOW are the days when the shepherd is weary-eyed and unshaven from week's end to week's end; an hour's sleep in his armchair, or his wheeled hut, is all he can hope for in the way of rest, and even that must be snatched with an ear as alert as that of a nurse for every movement of

her patient. For now his vigilance and devotion will make or mar the year's prosperity of the flock. In addition to his experience, the man's character tells—patience and kindliness, memory and heedfulness are all needed. These, as every bailiff and flock-master knows, mean the saving of many a lamb, and many a mother, too, that might without them be lost.

It is my privilege to know intimately more than one shepherd of the South Downs, and year by year I have, with renewed wonder, seen them at this season attending their hundreds of "yeos" with a careful and accurate remembrance of the peculiarities and experiences of each in former years. A few evenings since I walked out to a lambing-yard lying in a hollow of the foothills—a snug spot, deep in straw, and protected on two sides from wind and weather by long sheds, and by high shelters of wattles and cut furze on the remaining sides. The sheds were divided into some fifty small pens, each measuring about six feet by three feet. Shepherd Tom was moving about the yard, giving his flock their evening feed of hay, and making all



Habberton Lulham.

HULLO, THERE!

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snug for the night. It was the hour between day and dark, the hour of

That wondrous blue,
Deep, rich, and luminous, old
painters used
To drape about their stately dreams
of God,

the beautiful hue being made more intense by contrast with the orange light of the shepherd's lantern, by which he inspected his charges, sheep by sheep, before, all being for a time quiet in the yard, he slipped off to his cottage hard by for a bite and sup.

The scene was of a peaceful beauty. Behind fold and sheds rose the great sheltering form of the Down, the austere line of its crest softened and lost in the dusky purple of the sky; and above it, where a moment before none was to be seen, twinkled the first star—"Hesperus, bringer of all good things." From fold and sheds arose, from time to time, the deep voices of the ewes and the small, tremulous bleatings of lambs, the latter in a treble of varying pitch and strength, for Tom had then been some five or six days giving these small beings a fair start in life. As I stood, leaning on the yard gate, a creamy barn-owl wavered silently over the bank of furze, and perched



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IN THE WEALD.

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on the roof of the opposite shed. From a pen near, where certain barren ewes were feeding, came the soft mellow "dongs" of



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A KEEPER OF SHEEP.

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UNDER DITCHLING BEACON.

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old "cannister" sheep-bells. But soon the single "baas" from the lambing-yard swelled to a chorus once more, and with a tone in them different—even to my ignorant ear—from the easy calling of other times, and, ere long, the careful Tom was back once more with his sheep. After the birth of each lamb, or pair of lambs, mother and young were transferred to one of the small pens in the sheds, to be kept there for twenty-four hours or more, till the lamb got a good "holt" on life, and was fit to rough it in the open yard with the rest. Up and down these long rows of pens went the good man, remembering the age in days or hours of each lamb, and every peculiarity worth noting connected with its birth, strength, power to obtain its proper nourishment, and so forth; remembering, too, the temper and constitution of every separate sheep, her ability, or inability,

willingness or the reverse, to suckle her young, and treating with an unfailing patience and skill each case on its own merits; coercing some wild ewe, coaxing a feeble or unusually silly lamb, applying many a simple remedy, and using in every difficulty a rough but generally effectual science. Here

a lamb must be fed from the bottle; over there a ewe that has lost her own must be made to take to one of twins that are proving too much for some mother in poor condition. In this case the skin of the dead lamb is tied over the body of the changeling, a deception which rarely fails at once to satisfy the simple foster-mother.

He talks to his "yeos" as to human beings. "Well, old gal," I heard him say to one, "I hopes you'll have better luck wi' this un than you did wi' the last," explaining to me how her last year's lamb broke its ieg and ultimately died. All through



Habberton Lulham.

READY FOR PLAY.

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the night he is busy at his work, dead tired, but unfailing in his devotion to duty, sometimes falling asleep actually as he stands watching the latest born take its first meal, and with a laugh pulling himself together by a draught of cocoa which he has tried to keep hot in a bottle wrapped in his old cloak.

Your Thermos flask will never be better employed than if lent to the shepherd these cold nights of spring. Often his lambing-yard is white with frost or snow, or a piercing east wind blows the night through, and then a special vigilance must be maintained, for a weakly ewe may let her new-born lamb stagger away from her and fall in some exposed part of the yard, quickly to die; or, if she have twins, she may fail to miss one that has strayed from her, so long as the other is at her side.

Get Tom, in the intervals of his work, to talk, and you will find that, wiser than he knows, he possesses a seemingly endless store of curious experience and quaint ideas, scraps of folklore, old rustic legends and superstitions, with an unconscious sense of

Most often slips its bars and wings away,
Fanning the air about Earth's sleeping face;
That is the mystic wind that moves his sheep
To wander a little; that awakes the larks
To one short flight, and faint, half-hearted song;
And makes his sleeping dogs uncurl, look forth,
Whimper, and stretch their limbs, and turn and turn
About, ere they can rest again; he tells
How then the upper eastern sky grows light
A space, as if those homing wings broke through
Its leaden grey, or dawn were drawing nigh—
Then sleep and darkness settle back once more.

He tells, too, how on a certain night of the year, the anniversary, it is supposed, of some old battle, late wanderers over the hills have seen a ghostly Roman sentinel looking down from his grassy battlements, while the shades of little, low-browed hill-men, lurking in the shadows of the old "hanger" down in the hollow below him, peer out watching their enemy. Once more comes a welcome lull in the "baas" and small bleatings, and



Habberton Lulham.

HOME TO THE HILL-FOLD.

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the humour, pathos and tragedy of life, all stored away behind those weather-beaten eyes of his. He tells me how his forbears, who also were shepherds, were buried each with a lock of sheep's wool beside him, that he might produce it when summoned to his account, as a proof of the calling that kept him on the hills far from the village church of a Sunday. He has seen strange, furry or beaked lambs born, and remembered afterwards how the ewe had been frightened suddenly by a hare springing up from its "form" just before her, or by one of the little brown furze-owls starting out from a bush by her side, as she grazed on the hill. He tells, too, how sometimes a shepherd's dog, in the fields by night, will suddenly bark:

Cowering to the sky,
And sheep rush panic-stricken when they hear
The witch-hounds in full cry stream overhead,
Hunting some flying soul back to its doom,
And hints has he of arcane mysteries,
He knows of false dawns, and the hour of Flight,
That cold, dead hour that comes ere night be done,
When dying hearts beat feeblest, and the soul

Tom, tired out, lies down in a heap of straw in one of the small pens and incontinently falls on sleep.

I linger still about the sleeping farm;
And see! behind the waiting Downs, the moon
Glides up like some enchantress, silvery robed,
And suddenly, by her mysterious spell,
Methinks the mighty shoulder of the hill,
Whereon is set that head-like ring of beech,
Is changed to some great pastoral deity,
A radiant glory circling o'er his brows,
Who stands at brood, watching his sleeping world.

Here are the lambs, that start up from their straw
And stare with bright eyes as the lanthorn beams
Above their wattled walls. How soft the moon
Shines on their gentle forms, and throws the shade
Of each small head upon its neighbour's fleece.

I must leave my peaceful, moonlit Arcady and make for home;
but it is always too soon to bid the Downs good-night, to
turn from their clean, free wind and breathe the captive air

between dull walls. I pass down the little street of the sleeping village, where there is always a gleam of light from some window, at any hour till dawn. Either some bedridden peasant, to

whom day and night makes but little difference, keeps it burning for company; or someone is ill; or a mother rocks a fretful child, singing low some cottage lullaby. HABBERTON LULHAM.

IN THE GARDEN.

PANSIES IN THE GARDEN.

IT might be thought that the Pansy is scarcely worthy of an article to itself, but those who have grown the plant, bringing it into full use in the garden, realise its beauty. Many years' experience with the finest varieties has strengthened this opinion, and the flowers have always given the greatest pleasure during spring, summer, autumn and, in the case of one kind, even in winter. The Pansy is usually associated only with the cottage or quite small garden. One's earliest recollections of the cottage plot were the Heart's-ease, those large, quaint flowers that seem to smile at one in the early summer sun, and make splashes of warm colouring by the cobbled path. There they were, mingling with Pæony, white Pinks, and perhaps the Maiden's Blush Rose, a sweet medley, beautiful from the artless ways in which they were arranged. But as years sped by and the love of gardening obtained a firmer hold of our affections, the hybridist—the raiser of new flowers—began to see rich possibilities in the Pansy. There was *Viola cornuta*, making flowery margins to the border and filling sometimes whole beds with its soft colouring. The list of new varieties lengthened, and I well remember the beautiful blue of a favourite still, Archie Grant, that for growth and wonderful colouring is in a sense unbeaten. There may be some who differ from me in this opinion, but for this fine Pansy I have always had the greatest regard, in spite of more recent acquisitions.

As this is a general planting season, for the Pansy, too, these notes are opportune. It is not for exhibition or for growing in pots that I bring forward the virtues of this flower, but for the garden, where the plant should be in masses, not by itself, but in beds that are filled with such flowers as the Rose, one variety to each bed. I have planted them in this way with the most delightful results. By the side of the drive there are twelve rectangular Rose beds, each bed twelve feet long, and as a groundwork—that is to say, plants to cover the soil—Pansies have been used, with the result that, even in winter, one variety, Cream King, has given lavishly of its soft-coloured flowers. Writers frequently say that it is impossible to grow Pansies well in a light soil and in full sunshine. This I have proved to be an utter mistake. The garden of which I am now writing is on a hilltop, exposed to every wind that blows, and the sun shines relentlessly, almost withering the flowers, which are quickly refreshed in the cool of the evening. It would be impossible to choose a warmer garden. Of course, there is some shade from the Roses, but very little. The two essentials are a good layer of manure in spring and plenty of water during the summer months, not omitting to take away all decaying flowers before seed has had a chance to form.

Secure good tufts with plenty of roots, and it is not difficult to increase the plants by cuttings, taken in the summer months; but when planting now for a display of flowers as quickly as possible, only the strongest roots should be used, these being obtainable at little cost. Put them about six inches apart and restrict the selection to a few kinds; otherwise the rich grouping of colours will be missing. Those I have grown in this way are the following: Blue Cloud, blue, with a margin of white to the petals; Bullion, intense golden yellow; Councillor W. Waters, crimson purple; Countess of Hopetoun, creamy white; Countess of Wharnccliffe, pure white; Duchess of Fife, primrose, with margin of mauve; J. B. Riding, rosy pink; Primrose Dame, primrose; Seagull, pure white; Cream King; Miriam Waters,

which is of a purplish shade; Snowflake, pure white; and Countess of Kintore, white, with shading of purple.

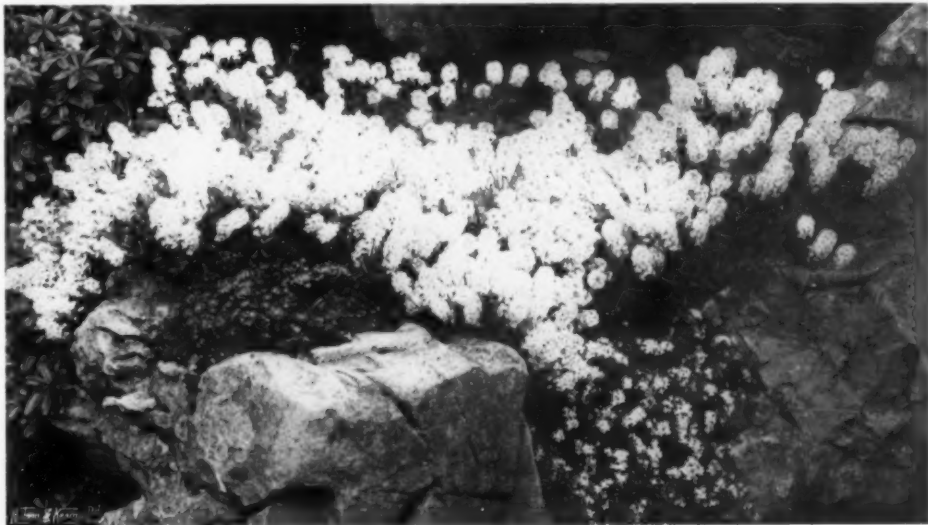
When planting Pansies the association of colouring must be considered. It is not possible to go far astray, as the Pansies are not garish and most of the flowers are of very tender shades; but a well-thought-out scheme gives the most satisfaction. Such a Rose as the Hon. Edith Gifford, which is creamy white, gains in beauty with a blue Pansy as a contrast, and sometimes a daring bit of colouring may be risked. Last year I planted the yellow-flowered Bullion with crimson-coloured Liberty Rose; the effect was somewhat startling, but not unpleasantly crude. It is not only in the flower-beds that one wishes for Pansies, but many other places may well be filled with these homely plants. Sometimes there is a woodland path, not in dense shade, and where colour is required. No flower is happier or seen to better advantage under these conditions, the plants being grateful for the shade from the sun. I have put a large quantity of tufts of Archie Grant in a narrow border skirting a row of espalier Apple trees, and throughout the summer this is a sea of deepest blue. Once in every two years the plants should be lifted, divided for an increase of stock, and then the finest pieces selected to fulfil the same mission as the parent tufts. Prepare

the soil afresh, but in the course of time it will be found "Pansy-sick"; this means that the beds must be given a rest from this group.

The Pansy is well adapted for the rock garden, but rarely thought fitting for this purpose. It is in the summer months that this feature is innocent of flowers in any quantity, but the Pansies are in bloom then, giving splashes of colour at a season when they are most required. A group for the rock garden is called "Violetta."

It originated by crossing the ordinary garden Pansies with *Viola cornuta*, and the first form, called Violetta, has given its name to the race. They may be compared to Violets, the flowers being no larger in some of the varieties than a Princess of Wales Violet.

E. T. COOK.



E. J. Wallis. A BEAUTIFUL ROCK PLANT (*Æthionema grandiflorum*).

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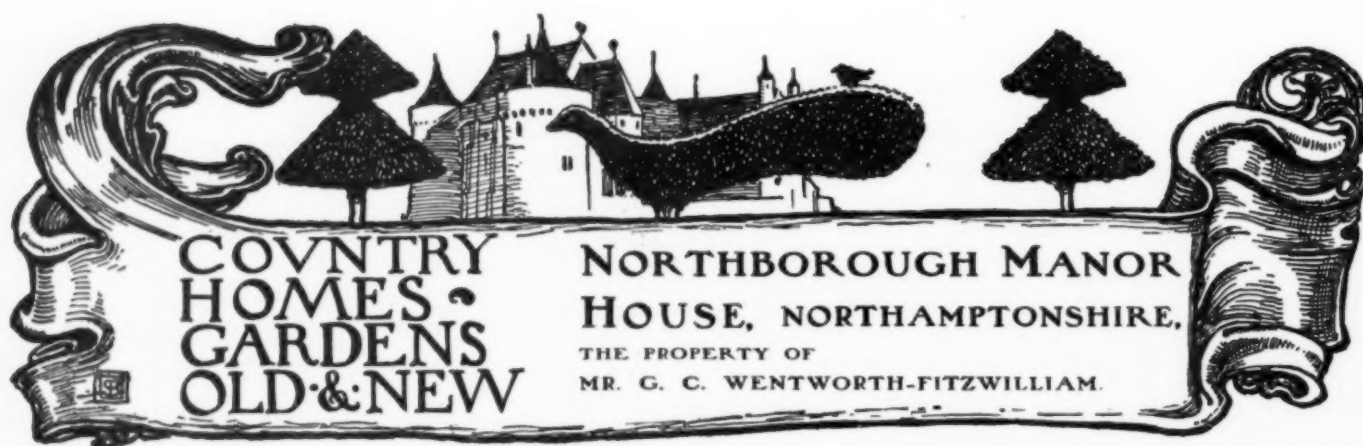
THE PERSIAN CANDYTUFT (*Æthionema grandiflorum*).

THE charming illustration that accompanies these notes represents one of the rarer rock plants. It is called Candytuft from its resemblance to the true Candytufts (*Iberis*), to which it is closely allied. A wealth of flowers, covering almost every leaf, is characteristic of the *Æthionema*, which desires a light soil with which some chalk has been mixed. All the *Æthionemas* are interesting. They come from the sunlit mountains in the South of Europe, and under cultivation grow freely in the rock garden. The best-known is *Æ. grandiflorum*, a bushy little plant not more than twelve inches high, and smothered at this season with pink and lilac flowers. Not only in the rock garden, but in the front of the mixed border, the plant is perfectly happy. Plant it as suggested in the illustration, *i.e.*, among large stones, between which the roots will soon become established when the soil is of the character described. Those who have not grown the *Æthionemas* should add *Æ. grandiflorum* to their collections.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW ROSE.

One of the most beautiful exhibits at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society was the new Tea Rose Lady Hillingdon, a small group of it creating much interest, and the reason is the colour. When I first saw it, the Hybrid Tea Rose Mrs. Ravary was recalled to mind, and this is, as many well know, one of the most exquisite Roses that have been raised during recent years. The colour of the new variety is rich apricot, a peculiarly charming shade, which seems to glow in the sunlight, partly from the fact that the plants had been grown under glass. The stems are long and graceful. It should be much sought by those who grow Roses under glass, and such an exhibit as this suggests that the National Rose Society might well inaugurate a show of early Roses that have been brought to perfection, so to say, artificially.

C.



ON the road from Peterborough to Lincoln, and not far from the point where the approach to the fen land obliged the road to be raised on a causeway and bridge over a marshy tributary of the Welland River, stands the

picturesque remnant of the fourteenth century home of the de la Mares. The manor and parish of Northborough do not seem to have emerged from the waste lands in Saxon times, but the manor was part of the possessions of Geoffrey de la Mare before

the thirteenth century closed, and he obtained a grant of free warden and licence for a weekly market and an annual fair. The latter shows that the place was of some importance and population. The fair would tend to further development, and was looked on askance by the great Abbot of Peterborough. His own fair might suffer, so he induced de la Mare to relinquish his right. This same Geoffrey was the probable builder of the manor house; and his hall and gatehouse, modified in appearance and character by later alterations and additions, stand, in substance and to some extent in detail, to the present day. It has every appearance of dating from the days of Edward II., and is a most valuable example of the unfortified manor house of that day. In these flat alluvial stretches it was easy enough to make a moat, but Northborough does not now possess one like its rather earlier neighbour, Woodcroft House. In neither case is there any provision for portcullis or drawbridge, so that massive doors and the outer walls of buildings surrounding a court, and themselves surrounded by water, must have been the chief protection against marauders. In the case of Northborough many of these buildings have disappeared, while part of what remains, together with the windows and other features of the older building, have the full flavour of the Jacobean period, and bring us near to the days when John Claypole, the elder, refused to pay ship-money, and John Claypole, the younger, wooed and won the favourite daughter of the Parliamentary leader who was to become Lord Protector. After Geoffrey de la Mare's grandson had fallen into debt and parted with Northborough, the manor passed through several hands, and James Claypole purchased it in 1563. At that time Claypole is described as a yeoman of King's Cliffe, which lies fifteen miles east of Northborough. But when, after a thirty years' ownership of the former home of the de la Mares, he was buried in the fine south chapel which they had added to the parish church, the Claypole arms were placed in the arch spandrels of his canopied monument, showing that he had reached gentility. His son went further, and was knighted as Sir John. He died childless, and was followed in possession by Adam, and it will be one or other of these brothers who made the Jacobean alterations to the house. Cromwell's son-in-law was Adam's grandson, and was by no means the stern Puritan that we should expect. In fact, Mrs. Hutchinson, who was free



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THE KITCHEN AND BUTTERY DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

with her epithets when she disliked anyone, set him down as a "debauched ungodly cavalier." He certainly seems to have preferred a court to a conventicle, and was a great personage at the functions which graced the Protectorate period, such as Oliver's investiture, Richard's installation and the reception of ambassadors. His wife, too, was somewhat unregenerate, and her father had to warn her against "being cozened with worldly vanity." She is described as "acting the part of a princess very naturally," and held herself vastly superior

washing their dishes at home as they use to do.' This bath been extremely illtaken." She used her influence to obtain the pardon of many condemned Royalists, and Royalist writers even describe her as upbraiding the Protector on her death-bed for the blood he had shed. Her respect and affection for the father who loved her so well makes this a most unlikely tale, the more so as he was already smitten with the illness which ended his days within a month of the time when he had laid his daughter to rest in Westminster Abbey. But that her own and her



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THE GATEHOUSE ARCH, AND THE NORTH ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the knowledge and practice of aristocratic *convenances* to the wives of those who had been Cromwell's chief brethren in arms. An amusing instance of the airs which made Mrs. Hutchinson call her an insolent fool occurs in a letter written to Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon), and describing a wedding at which the Major-Generals were present unaccompanied by their womankind. "The feast wanting much of its grace by the absence of those ladies, it was asked by one there where they were. Mrs. Claypole answered, 'I'll warrant you

husband's sympathies with the cause of the exiles was fully understood by them after the Restoration is shown by her body having been left undisturbed where it lay in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and by her husband's property and person escaping attack. He lived on till 1688, and his residence at Northborough may be traced by the report of quarrels with the clergy and people of that parish. He was very properly branded as "a factious gentleman" when, on one of these occasions, he seized the church register and tore out some of its pages. This was

about the year 1678, when his views gave rise to so much suspicion that he was lodged for a short while in the Tower. His connection with Northborough was then drawing to a close. The semi-Royal doings of Protectorate days had probably given him expensive tastes, and the same cause which made the last of the de la Mares sell Northborough in 1351 will have led to the last of the Claypoles parting with it in 1681 to Lord Fitzwilliam. It had already once before been in this family, for the rich London merchant who bought so many Northamptonshire acres

containing the hall and domestic buildings and facing a gatehouse across a courtyard of which outbuildings and stabling formed the other two sides, the whole being surrounded by a moat, was a normal arrangement and was no doubt adopted by him. Now there is no trace of a moat, and the east and west sides of the court are gone. To the north stands the gatehouse, while the hall and butteries, cut up into farmhouse rooms, occupy the south side. There remains enough, despite the Claypole transformation, to show that a builder of no mean order was



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THE PORCH AND GOTHIC CHIMNEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

had acquired it in 1516. He had left it to a younger son, who alienated it, but since 1681 it has remained to the Fitzwilliams and is part of the estates of the owner of Milton House, which lies south of it. It then ceased to be of any importance and became a farmer's dwelling. This fate will account on the one hand for its diminution in size, and on the other for the survival of what remains very much in the form which the Claypoles had given it when one of them sought to weld Jacobean fashions into the home of Geoffrey de la Mare. In his time a central block,

employed here in the fourteenth century, for the well-preserved gable and chimney and the mutilated doorways at the west end of the hall are comparable to the best surviving Edwardian domestic work.

The broad way through the gatehouse is triply spanned. Both outer walls are pierced by noble archways thirteen feet wide and richly moulded. The space between them, that is, the depth of the building, is divided by a stone screen—pierced with two arched openings, eight feet and three feet wide



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THE GATEHOUSE OPENING FROM THE VILLAGE STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTH ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

respectively—set near the outer archway, thus making two unequal sections, each of which was originally vaulted over, as we may see by the corbels and the springs of the ribbed groining that remain. Close to the archway on the inner or yard side, there are doorways that gave into the rooms on either hand, the room to the east being approached past a newel stairway that led to the upper floor. To the west the mediæval room was afterwards replaced by a long range of Jacobean buildings, broken by dormer windows on both elevations, one of them, on the yard side, having a sundial as a finial, which just shows on the left of the picture of the south elevation of the house. The outline of the hall—its roof and gable-ends separated from the contiguous buildings in the mediæval manner—appears clearly, whether we look at it from north or south. It was an apartment rising up to the roof, with a pair of tall windows and a doorway on either side. The north doorway was protected by a porch in the fifteenth century, and led to the "screens." This passage ended with the south doorway, admitting to an inner court or enclosure. Above it was a gallery. To the left were openings into the hall, and to the right three doorways gave access to the various offices. Their ambitious design and skilful execution show that this house, if never of great size, was of the first quality. Unfortunately, the apices of the outer arching are destroyed, but the exquisite workmanship of the inner ogee arches, with ball-flower ornament in the hollow of the moulding and rich crocketings

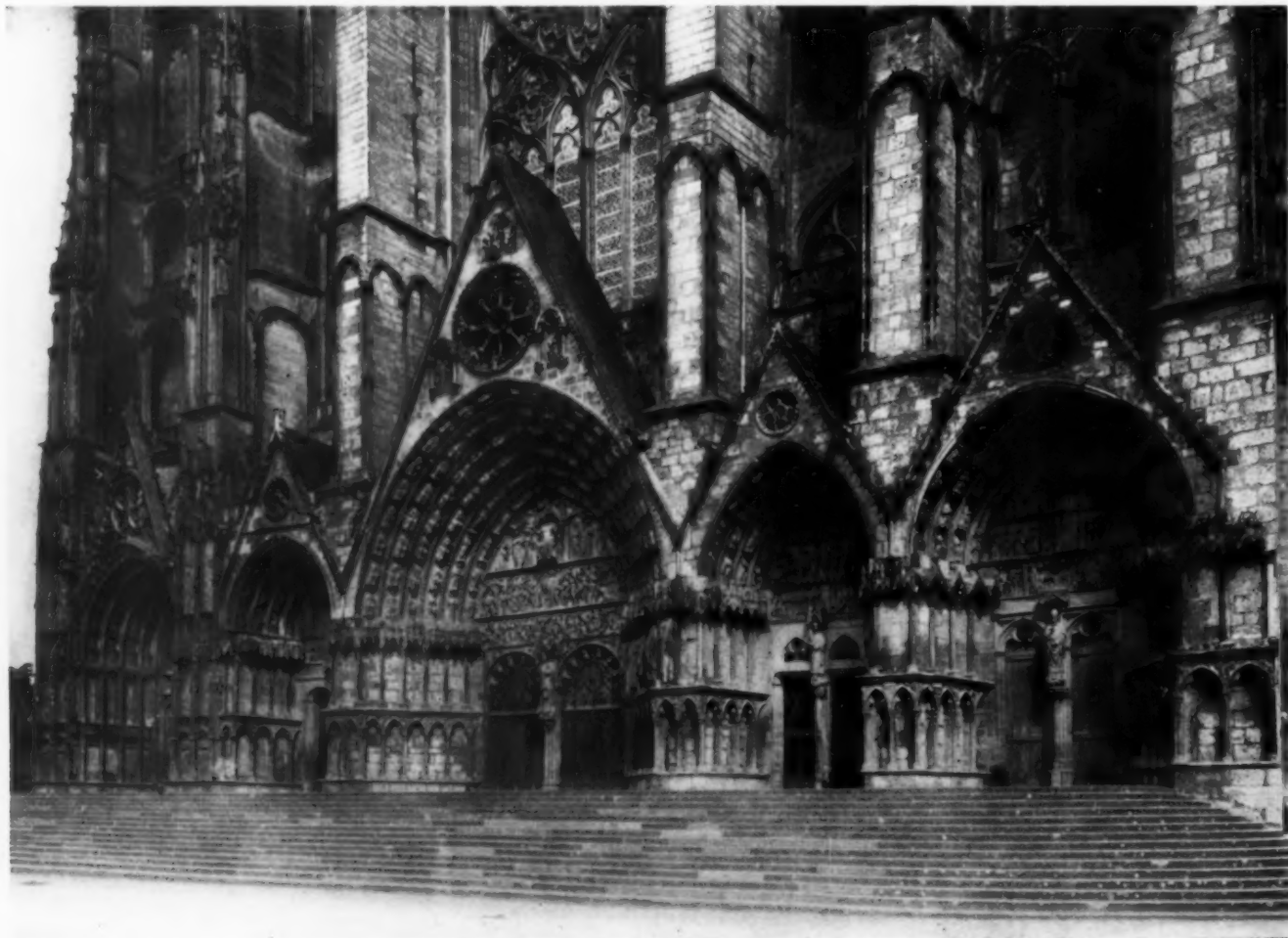
above it, remains intact. This work is exactly answerable to that of the gable and chimney which terminate, on the exterior, the wall which the three doorways pierce. The gable is enriched with crockets. The chimney is a hexagon, each side of which is carved with a canopy, while we again find the ball-flower in the cornice of its battlemented top. Indeed, this ornament will have been used throughout in the cornices, for it appears in that under the eaves, except where it was knocked away by the Claypoles when they divided the hall into two floors and lit the upper one by inserting dormers. These were placed just above the mediæval windows, of which the upper part was then blocked up, without, however, removing the elaborate tracery, which is perfectly observable. Had the original roof remained—as at Crowhurst and Down Ampney, for instance—it might have been legitimate to have removed the Claypole insertions and given back to the hall its ancient appearance. Northamptonshire teems with good Jacobean work; but a fourteenth century hall, finely wrought, is a very rare survival in any county, and to show it as it was would have educational value. However, as we read in Parker's "Domestic Architecture" that the timbers of the roof were entirely destroyed, the place is best left alone to tell its history of changing ownership and taste and to give pleasure by its admirable picturesqueness and the glorious weathering of its excellent materials and fine features. T.

BOURGES CATHEDRAL.

I.—THE SCULPTURES AND THEIR MEANING.

THE traveller who enters the shadowy, silent fanes of ancient France or England nowadays is generally oppressed by the echoes of a vast emptiness, which no single preacher's voice can dominate or dispel; which is but intensified by the trained, scholastic harmonies of an isolated choir. Within and without, the walls of the building are covered with carvings that have lost their meaning, with signs and symbols that are dumb. The church has degenerated into an archaeological museum which is unintelligible without a guide-book. If the visitor is moved at all it is rather to vacuous admiration than to spontaneous prayer. The fabric and its thousand details wake no responsive chord, for

they were not made to appeal to such as he is. The thirteenth century cathedrals were a living expression of the thirteenth century, and some seven hundred years have passed since they were built—built to receive beneath their mighty arches the mass of the whole people, to hear the full-toned chorus of a nation's orisons or the deep-throated clamour of a city's joy. Upon their walls are petrified the dreams, the actions and the laughter of the men who saw them rise. Men are too decorous nowadays to show emotion in themselves. They have long ago given up carving emotion on the stones of all their churches. As will be more clearly seen when I come to speak of the architecture of Bourges, the structural qualities of a Gothic cathedral are very closely



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THE FIVE RECESSED PORCHES OF THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CATHEDRAL FROM A STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

allied to those organic principles which underlie the growth or cohesion of living things. For this reason the cathedrals were the artificial counterpart of natural beauty, they were the nearest parallel, in human handiwork, to the productions of an omnipotent creative force; and they therefore exhibited those subtle variations in detail which give so much beauty, in the Natural world, to masses that are essentially akin.

formulæ that his strength will be detected; and in this he approaches most closely to those principles of beauty in growth and life which are harmonious yet ever-changing, logical yet infinitely diverse. "There is no excellent beauty," said Bacon, "that hath not some strangeness in the proportions." It thus becomes more intelligible that Gothic architecture should have given so supreme an impulse to every form of those subordinate



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THE SOUTH DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Creation, in man, must work through the knowledge not of details but of causes; must take up the facts of previous experience and rearrange them. The artist, indeed, can only display what we call "genius" when he possesses intuitively that sense of laws and causes of which he may only partially be conscious. It is therefore not so much in his obedience to obvious rule as in his apparent disagreements with established

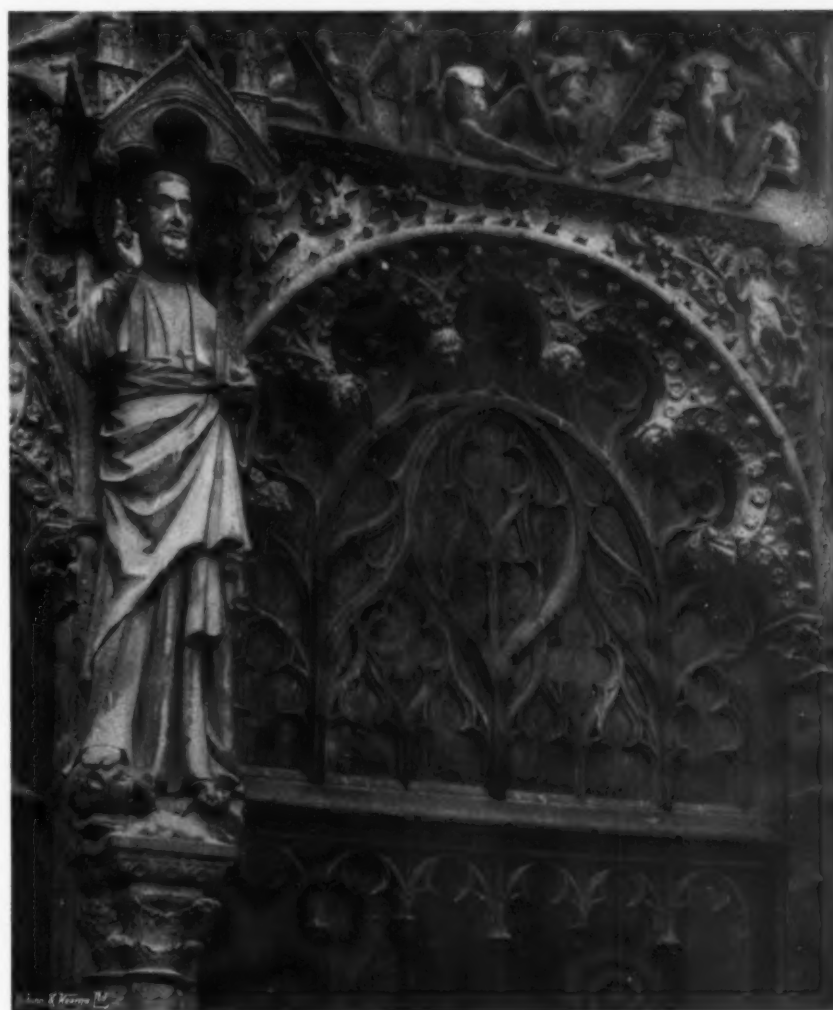
arts which had hitherto been far too widely separated both from architecture and from each other; and the essential characteristics of Gothic architecture called aloud for the art of sculpture to complete it, to fill with living shapes and organisms those buildings that were themselves so wondrous an expression of Nature's boundless life and energy. This is why Ruskin defined a Gothic cathedral as "a piece of the most magnificent

associative sculpture, arranged on the noblest principles of building, for the service and delight of multitudes." But when he took the instances of Pheidias, of Giotto, of Michael Angelo, and went on to say that architecture was merely "the art of designing sculpture for a particular place, and placing it there on the best principles of building," he went, I think, too far. The facts of the development of the style known as Gothic are quite sufficient in themselves, without rhetorical exaggeration. I will here, as briefly as may be, summarise them; and I would say at once that for my present purpose the word "Gothic" is applicable only to French work, and especially to that of the Ile de France. English cathedrals have been fitted out with a technical nomenclature of their own, with which, in this place, I shall have little to do.

Under Philip Augustus nominal kingship became royalty by right, and beneath his immediate protection Paris needed no Commune to develop her freedom or her arts; so students from all over Europe came to study in her schools, and the corporations and guilds of the Ile de France began to direct the architecture of the nation. In this favoured region, and in this only, may be traced the logical growth of the principles of Gothic art from its beginning, because in this place and at this time social and political conditions had combined to give full opportunity to a people who were, ethnologically, the most artistic race of Northern Europe. A mingling of blood had for long been going on which had blended the best of the Latin and Germanic stocks of Northern and of Southern racial characteristics, of daring invention and of disciplined love of beauty. The Gothic principle, which began at the very heart of the fabric, worked outwards until every part was reached, until not only were the proportions of the masses harmonious, but their component



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WEST FRONT: ARCH OVER SOUTH DOOR OF CENTRAL PORCH.

details were infinitely diversified. Thus sculpture became an inseparable auxiliary of the cathedrals as the most effective method of enriching both interior and exterior; and in its expression it developed to its highest point that feeling of vitality, that fine appreciation for organic form which is at the root of Gothic sentiment and is the inspiration of all Gothic handiwork. The essential thing in a building—its first virtue—is that it be strongly built and fit for its uses. "The noblest thing in a building," as Ruskin rightly expresses it elsewhere, "and its highest virtue, is that it be nobly sculptured or painted"; and, as we shall see, Bourges was both. The sympathy with organic structure, which I consider to be the leading characteristic of the French work, is the real reason why the Gothic school of architectural sculpture has never been surpassed in any age, though sculpture, treated as an independent art, did indeed reach greater heights in ancient Hellas and in the Italy of the Renaissance, and it is worth noting that the school of sculpture developed at St. Denis and at Chartres was in existence almost a hundred years before the Renaissance of Italy began.

The Abbey of Vézelay was anciently connected with Cluny. From it and from Autun, to name no more, the sculptors of the Ile de France drew their first stimulus, and in their own quarries of *l'ias cliquant* they found a stone of fine grain and strong substance, as suitable for shafts and pillars as for careful sculpture. These material limitations of Gothic carving must be carefully remembered; for the fact that it was essentially of stone explains a great deal of its style both in France and England, where the oolites and sandstones (called "lace-stones") were of a granular surface easily squared and worked, but of texture very different from that of the Parian or Carrara marble, in which (or in bronze) we are sometimes too apt to imagine that



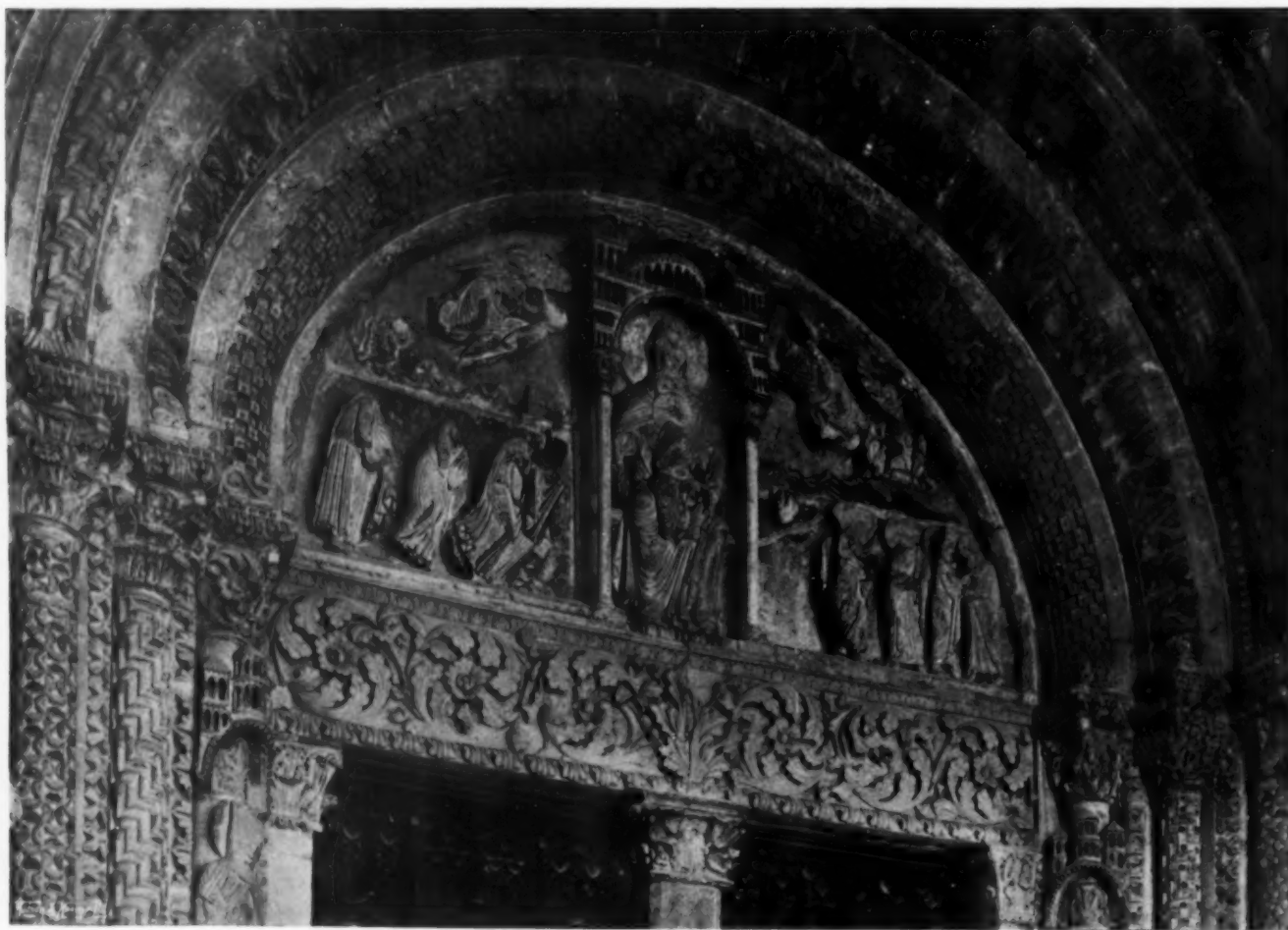
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WEST FRONT: NOAH SENDING FORTH THE DOVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the finest sculpture can be alone produced. The difference in resulting effect may be most easily judged by comparing Giovanni Pisano's marble carving of Hell, at Orvieto, with the stonework representing the same subject at Bourges. Nor must it be forgotten that bold tints of blue, red or yellow, with enrichments of gold, were originally laid on almost every

part of the carvings of a Gothic church, as may be still seen on the tomb of the founder of All Souls in Canterbury Cathedral. Where now we see only the marvellous play of light and shade which Northern skies give to all sculpture, the men who first saw the thirteenth century work had a very different impression of brilliant colouring and salient



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TYMPANUM OF NORTH ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

effect. The method of treating such a great scheme as the west front of Bourges was to wash the whole with ochre, to paint certain niches and hollows with red, green and blue, to decorate the images in full and write inscriptions on the scrolls they bore, and to touch certain details with bright gold. And this bold scheme of colour often rose not to the roof only, but to the very summit of the spires. This was the traditional treatment, and it also protected the carvings with a skin of paint that saved them from the weather and all other violence save the hand of man. By what is left of such colouring at Bourges we may discover, for one thing, that the architect loved green hawthorn and painted it as bright green as he could. The colour is still left in every

detached marble or bronze statuary, whose beauty, self-contained and self-sufficient, depends on no surroundings, fulfils no structural effect in any common scheme. The Gothic carver cared too much for the value of the thrust in shaft and pillar to obscure it by meaningless decorations or to disguise its real motive and reason for existence. His stone, which needed bold and vigorous chiselling, had a greater force in treatment, a greater warmth in texture, than anything which could have been produced under his Northern skies by the classic elegance or the low-toned shading of Greek or Italian marbles. His work was not meant to be set up on a pedestal alone; it was an integral part of the building it adorned and was built solidly into the main fabric.



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WEST FRONT: THE JUDGMENT PANELS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sheltered interstice of the foliage on the porch, "a perfect Niobe of May," that you would try forthwith to gather but for fear of being pricked. And this is one of the great essentials of good decoration, that it should honestly indicate the strong likings of its maker. Another essential is that it should express its maker's liking for better work than his own—for God's work and for Nature. A third thing may especially be noted of Gothic sculpture: that it is primarily architectural, that it never loses a clear sense of its structural fitness for the place it occupies; whereas the highest praise of Greek art is called forth by its

In a famous window in Chartres Cathedral there is a representation of a vaultrib and a statue being shaped in the same workshop. No clearer evidence could be obtained of the fact—deducible from many another source—that the Gothic sculptor and stonemason were one. He never thought of dissociating himself or his carvings from his building. His figure subjects were set up not so much to arrest attention for their own sake as to emphasise an architectural feature. They were meant not to break the rhythm of the organic lines of structure, but to emphasise a structural beauty. That is one reason why the rising lines of

choiring cherubim enfold the arching tympanum of Bourges. That also is why the figure-sculpture is so simple, straightforward and direct, after a fashion which I may parallel—in that wide range of artistic effort which ancient Egypt is gradually revealing to us—by the famous statue of the Steward in the Boulak Museum, so simply and so boldly treated with the true Gothic spirit of directness and vitality. This passionate simplicity of emotion was not at first diminished—as later on became inevitable—by increase in technical skill. At Notre Dame in Paris, for example, improved workmanship only gave the sculptor a greater liberty of choice among the countless suitable objects he saw around him, with the result that he produced a school of modelling unrivalled since the days of Hellas, and only surpassed afterwards by the best of Italy's Renaissance; and he made up for what he lacked of the technical skill in both these schools by a wider outlook, a more frank expression, a greater courage. Realising that evil co-exists with good, that imperfection must go hand in hand with beauty, that shadows are the corollary of light, the Gothic sculptor saw a natural dignity in scenes and occupations, in men and women, which did not appeal to the more refined and more effeminate tastes of those who worked before and after him. And all his figure-work he inspired unconsciously with a part of that mental and spiritual emotion which he was not ashamed to feel himself. Every part of such fine Gothic work as the figure-sculpture of Bourges is instinct with this vital exhibition of tense mental interest; not a figure in its thousand scenes is isolated or impersonal; and this is why the Gothic



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JUDGMENT PANELS: RIGHT PORTION.

"C. L."



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JUDGMENT PANELS: CENTRAL PORTION.

"C. L."

master-mason attained a breadth of effect and harmony of mass which was never vitiated by the multitudinous variety of its detail, or weakened by the fact that every carver had a free hand to express his own part of the great design in his own manner. This combination of individual liberty with artistic reticence was a reflection of the democratic freedom of the organised Commune in which the workman bore his part, in which he learnt his trade as a member of his guild. Such conditions have long vanished from the world; and the school of sculpture they produced has vanished with them.

The selection of a carver's subjects was not limited to the physical life he saw around him, though even in Bourges Cathedral alone he records the common life of his companions, the ordinary occupations of his fellow-citizens, the daily toil of the workman in the town and of the labourer in the fields, the modelling of flowers, plants and trees, and the whole range of the animal kingdom which he had seen, or read of, or wondered at in illuminated manuscripts. Great as were his talents in this direction of naturalistic representation, they were far greater when employed at the bidding of his fervently creative imagination, the fruits of which it is still possible to admire not merely in countless carvings, but in the black and white sketches in the "Album" of Vilars de Honcourt, drawn in the middle of the thirteenth century. On the towers of Notre Dame you may see the terrible carvings in which the Parisian workman personified the various forms of Sin and Death that crowded into his mind at certain seasons, those "Chimères" which make you realise so terribly that once men lived at the very feet of these stone

images in close companionship with the real fiends of torture, bigotry and violence, beneath a very present, very palpable, oppression. Upon the great west front of Bourges the master-mason set up, for all the world to see, those no less wonderful productions, the types of Judgment, Hell and Satan, which were also an ever-present reality to the thirteenth century, and were drawn from a very furnace of impassioned faith that fused within itself the teachings of the Bible, the comments of the Christian fathers, the superstitions of the country-side, the horrors of the haunted, dim-lit streets, even the folklore that had come down from Pagan antiquity and was often tinged with the diabolical legends of a remoter and more deeply-shadowed past. From all this mingling of tradition, of romance, of history, the Gothic workmen drew the substance of their dreams. Men wondered concerning that great day when "the Earth shall restore those that are asleep in her, and so shall the dust those that dwell in silence, and the secret places shall deliver those souls that were committed unto them." At Bourges, at Chartres, at Rouen, at Amiens, at Rheims, in Paris, you may see the representation of the Last Judgment, when the tombs are opened and the dead come forth, each in his degree, to the sound of the last trump which is the call of the Archangel Gabriel.

One great feature of this tremendous scene is nearly always the weighing of the souls in the Balance, and this is the dominating centre of the sculpture in the Bourges façade. It is a motive that can be traced in the earliest of these works. At Autun, for instance, there is the long-haired winged angel holding in his hand the balance that has



ARCH OF FIRST PORCH ON THE LEFT: CENTRAL PANEL.



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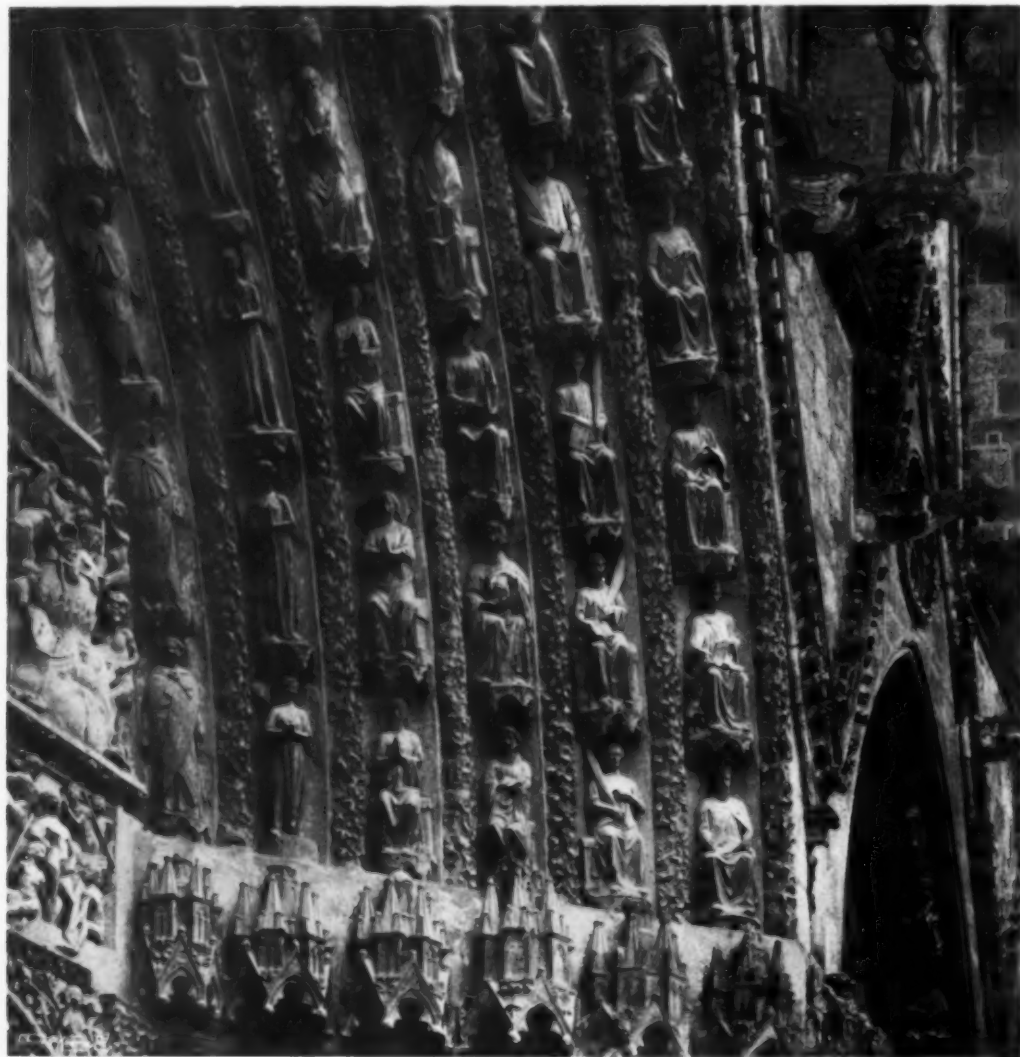
ARCH OF SECOND PORCH ON THE LEFT.

(C. L.)

proved a soul worthy of everlasting bliss. Satan and his attendant imps do their best to pull down the other side, but to no purpose. At Chartres, beneath the seated figure of the Christ in Majesty is the calm, magnificent figure of the Archangel, from whose hands the hanging scales have long ago been broken. But immediately on his left, with that strong contrast of which the thirteenth century carver was so fond, is a small imp pulling lustily at the balance. At Amiens the same scene becomes more complicated, yet loses little of its strength by its innumerable details. Four angels blow the trump of doom, and between the two centre ones stands Michael, weighing. On either side the dead rise from their graves, and the whole is framed by two long lines of exquisitely-carved foliage. How infinitely more impressive to the ignorant beholder must have been the broad and massive lines of such sincere and uncompromising compositions than those fantastic skeletons which lead the Danse Macabre of later centuries. The thirteenth century mason seems to have worked with the last trump sounding in his ears, and every fiery word of the Apocalypse he smote into his stonework with the glowing chisel of his faith. The "Last Judgment" at Bourges is generally accepted as the finest of all these compositions, and it is set within a worthy framework. Five splendid portals line that mighty western wall, two upon each side of a central pointed arch that rises higher than the rest, and bears at its summit one of the most delicately-designed wheel-windows in the whole architecture of France. Outlining the actual doorway are six rising lines of all the hierarchy of the sky—the four-winged

seraphim, the choiring angels and all the multitude of the heavenly host. The stately folded pinions of the inmost rank are deliberately set next to the feverish agitation of the fiends who cram their victims into the furnace of torment on the right central line of the main composition. The terrible cauldron is itself fashioned after the similitude of a monstrous dragon, and on each side of it a demon fans the flames with bellows. Toads and evil creatures crawl about it, biting and rending the bodies of the lost, as, with terrific gestures, the satellites of Satan drive and hurl their victims to the torment.

Next to the magnificent figure of the Archangel, weighing, in the midst, stands Satan himself, and the expression on his face is worth the closest scrutiny, as he watches Gabriel with one hand protecting from him the sinless child whose due is Heaven. The whole arrangement of this great curved triangle, full of figures, must be closely studied if it is to be appreciated at its full worth, and it may be looked at not only in its smallest details, but as one gigantic whole with equal admiration. The full length of the bottom line is taken up with the representation of the Resurrection of the Dead. Above is discovered the



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CARVING ON CENTRAL PORCH OF WEST FRONT. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Judgment, with the Division of the Evil from the Good and the immediate reward of each. Still higher, on the topmost line of all, sits Christ, the final judge, surrounded by the angels bearing the instruments of His Passion, with the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist kneeling at each side, while above Him are the discs of Sun and Moon, which shall look down upon the good and evil of the world until the day when the heavens depart as a scroll when it is rolled together. There are more than Ruskin who have thought that by Tintoret alone was the unimaginable event of the Last Judgment grappled with in its verity. In that great picture, which a great writer has described:

... Bat-like, out of the holes and caverns and shadows of the earth, the bones gather, and the clayheaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl and startle and struggle up among the putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clotted hair, and their heavy eyes sealed by the earth-darkness yet, like his of old who went his way unseeing to the Siloam Pool; shaking off one by one the dreams of the prison house, hardly hearing the clangour of the trumpets of the armies of God, blinded yet more, as they awake, by the white light of the new heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment-seat. . . .

Great as is the power of creative imagination in such a painting, it has an even greater power, I think, in sculpture. To take a just parallel, for the moment, think of Michael Angelo's amazing incarnations of Night and Morning on the Medici Tomb. Within them are the whole dawn and twilight of the soul of man, the dream of life and death upon that shadowed face between the mighty figures set on either side. But with both Tintoret and Michael Angelo we are in a different world from this that the Bourges carver shows; we are among the marbles of Italy, and in the age of the New Learning, not faced by the hewn stone of France and the purer inspiration of the thirteenth century. For remember that when Bourges was being built feudality had begun to show above sacerdotalism, and the people above feudality itself. At last religion had become sufficiently understood to allow imagination to take its true part and to give sculpture its true province, the imitation not only of Nature, but of the character and passions of the human soul. So roof and pillar, arch and portal were adorned and written upon without restraint; for the thoughts, the ideas, the dreams that are now scattered broadcast by the printing-press then found their

chief expression in the work of the master-mason, of that poet, painter, sculptor, all in one, who covered Europe with the great cathedrals. And of such cathedrals as Bourges it has been finely said that "Time was their architect and the People were their Master-Mason."

When men's understanding had not yet been frittered away by a hundred useless publications every week, still less by countless sheets that are meant but for a single day's existence and often scarcely deserve even that, people really believed what they were told by the authorities they trusted. To them the Bible was indeed the Living Word of God. Even to some of us to-day there sounds behind the majestic wording of its sentences some far-off echo that our modern prose has lost, some elemental chord of deeper harmonies than one can hear amid the clamour of our hurrying life. And in the ear of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that tremendous rhythm had not yet been dulled. It touched the hearts even of the poorest of those down-trodden populations who were equal, in the sight of God, to all their overlords on earth. It spoke to them, above all, in that church which closed its doors against the royal sinner and flung them wide to the most miserable of his subjects. So that church was filled with the teaching of the Bible, written clear for all to understand, in nobler characters than any printing-press could ever fashion. The doom of vice, the high reward of virtue were

carved where all might read, in every detail; and Death, that levelled everyone, had a far greater meaning for its readers. Here they might see the kings of the earth and the great men and the rich men and the chief captains and the mighty men and every freeman and every bondman come forth from their graves to the One Judgment on the Last Day. Here they might see that crowns and mitres did not save a sinner from the gaping hellmouth, and that grinding poverty had not shut the door of heaven to him who kept the Law. All this was carved for them by men of like passions as themselves, by men of the people, working for the people with that tremendous force which truth and real belief and burning faith could give. This is why some of the Gothic carvings at their best will always appeal to me more than anything that has been carved or painted since printing was invented, since the world became self-conscious, since every thought—whether it were true or false, whether it were worthy or ignoble—might attain the dignity of print. There were but few "editions" of those mighty commentaries on this life and the life to come, which are the great cathedrals. But their stone has lasted, and the passion that was sealed into its

surface has lasted too, and will last, till the cathedrals themselves have crumbled into dust.

To turn, for a moment, to other details in this central archway. Beneath the lowest line of the Resurrection are small curved triangles above the round arch of the actual doors. Within them are carved, on one side, the good woman, chastely clad, bearing the casket of her charitable works; on the other, the woman of evil, naked, among the leaves that do not shelter her; both rising to the judgment of their works. And set on the central pillar, beneath the signs and tokens of the Heaven that shall be with us later, stands the figure of Christ preaching to us here on earth, a figure compact of grace, of sincerity, of earnest pleading; and beneath his feet are trodden down the beasts of Evil.

But there are other portals, too, with which I must deal as briefly as I may. On the spectator's right the arch is filled with the story of St. Stephen. In the lowest line are shown the seven deacons at their ordination, and the expulsion of Stephen from the city. Above them, in the centre, the martyr is being stoned, while Saul holds the clothes, and in the topmost angle heaven opens before the martyr's eyes, and an angel flies down from the throne to bear his crown. Still further to the right, in the next archway, is carved the history of St. Ursin. On the lowest line he receives, with St. Just, his holy mission from the Pope, who bears St. Peter's keys. In the same line, above the central niche, he is burying his dead companion, and further to the left he preaches to the citizens of Bourges. Above this, he is seen consecrating the first church and teaching Leocadius, the Roman Governor of Bourges, who is again shown, at the top, being baptised with his son. On the left of the great central doorway the sculptures of the arch represent the Death, the Assumption and the Coronation of the Virgin. Further to the left still, the last of the five archways shows the crowd of worshippers (in the last and the central lines) coming to listen to St. William. At the top is a splendidly-executed group of wrestlers. One of them is Satan, and the scene records an ancient story of a man who challenged even the Imp of Darkness to a bout, and was saved only when St. William turned the Devil into a wolf, which is seen escaping, with an apple in his mouth, in the right hand of the top corner. The carvings of the arcading on this same façade are also among the finest of their kind in the

world. Mr. Evans has photographed for these pages a few of the most typical, such as the Temptation of Eve by the Serpent, and the series of scenes from the story of the Flood, which show Noah building the Ark and leading the animals into it, the drowning of the men and women in the Flood, and the flight of the Dove, which perches on Noah's outstretched hand. The strength of the Gothic conceptions of Satan, Hell and Death, the beauty of the incidents he chose from either the Bible or the folklore of his day, depended chiefly, as we have seen, on the resolute determination of their sculptor never to lose sight of his direct appeal to the men and women whom he knew. He put into his demonic creations just sufficient humanity, just enough "real" anatomy, to carry a firm conviction of their birth and to inspire a deep-seated horror of their hideousness. For in them men saw that evil ingredient in their own natures which was ever ready to overcome the good; and the Gothic workman never shrank from depicting the final victory, a victory which was all the more pitiful and terrible because the human personality was still visible beneath the attributes of overpowering sin.

The world has changed since his day. Evil has become a generality, and our very consolations are less personal. The scenes that were carved upon a cathedral front to bring home the lessons of Heaven and Hell to every worshipper now leave us cold. It is only at such times as Easter that we occasionally recall those chapters of the Bible that filled so great a space in our own childhood of the world we know. So, if we look at the cathedrals now, it is to realise that they are the most highly-organised and complicated buildings which the hand of man has ever made, and that the horrors of Satan and his innumerable emissaries have but their appointed place in all that mass of carved stone. And we imagine that if the Greatest of all Builders looks down on His Cathedral, which is the world, He, too, may know that all our evils have but their appointed place in the vast scheme of life that is too large for us to grasp. Our miseries and pains will leave no greater mark upon the universe than do these images of Sin and Hell upon the mighty fabric of the church of Bourges. Neither the one nor the other are haphazard. Each but completes in its own way and in its right proportion the ordered scheme of things.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THAT there is a considerable body of readers for serious work is pretty evident from the fact that *Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books*, arranged and rendered into English by Edward McCurdy, M.A. (Duckworth), has gone into a third edition. It was first issued in 1907, so that a fresh impression has been called for every year since. As nothing was said about it in our columns on its original appearance, some comment may not be out of place now. Leonardo was distinguished by a versatility that has not been possessed by more than two or three men of whom history makes mention. Goethe resembles him in this respect more than any other. The German was a greater poet and prose writer, but his scientific acquisitions were trivial compared with those of the Italian, and in addition Leonardo was a wonderful artist. We cannot call Mr. McCurdy's language exaggerated when he says of his subject that "alike as painter, sculptor, architect, engineer and musician, he aroused the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries." He was an anatomist, mathematician, chemist, geologist, botanist, astronomer, geographer. The best idea of his wide and penetrating sympathies is given by the book before us.

The editor's chief aim has been to represent Leonardo as a writer, and so he has not dwelt much upon his scientific work, but has tried to get together from the note books all the passages of philosophic, artistic or literary interest. By the way, as it were, he has made a record of the manuscripts that ought to give the book a place in the library of reference books; but what interests the present writer most are those general philosophic passages in which we seem to find the experiences of Leonardo summed up in a phrase. He had a wonderful faculty of packing a vast amount of thought into a single sentence, and many of his pregnant utterances are an anticipation of what was preached to us by Ruskin, Carlyle and the prophets of the nineteenth century. The sentiment in the very first sentence of the first book might have come straight from the author of "Past and Present," "Thou, O God, dost sell unto us all good things at the price of labour." It is only one of many dicta that Marcus Aurelius might have fathered. But perhaps the most striking example known of the literary power of Leonardo was given unconsciously. It is in the famous directions how to paint a battle-piece. Assuming that it was written in the early years of the sixteenth century, it possesses historical value

as showing how battles were fought in those days. His first direction is for the painter to begin by showing the smoke of the artillery mingling in the air with the dust stirred up by the movements of the horses and the combatants. "From the side whence the light comes this mixture of air and smoke and dust will seem far brighter than on the opposite side." Then he goes on to talk about the ruddy glow on the faces of the gunners and those near them. Horses galloping away from the throng make little clouds of dust arise from their hoof-prints. In the early days of artillery the bow was still in use, and he says, "Let the air be full of arrows going in various directions." The conquerors have to be shown running with their hair and other light things streaming in the wind, and they should be thrusting forward opposite limbs. That is to say, if the man is advancing his right foot the left arm should be also coming forward. If one of the fallen is represented, the mark has to be shown where he was dragged through the dust, which has become changed to blood-stained mire, and round about would be the marks of trampling men and horses. One of the latter is to be shown dragging the dead body of his master. Some of these directions have become conventional now, because generations of painters have acted on the advice given by Leonardo; but if we go back to 1499 or so we can see how original he was then. He tells of the beaten and conquered, their skin showing lines of pain. One is using his hand as a shield for his terrified eyes while he looks toward the enemy. Others are crying out with their mouths wide open, and fleeing away amid a limbo of broken shields, lances and broken swords. Some of the dead are half buried in dust. The half-dead are struggling to avoid the fatal stroke of the conqueror. And finally

the squadrons of the reserves should be seen standing full of hope but cautious with eyebrows raised, and shading their eyes with their hands, peering into the thick, heavy mist in readiness for the commands of their captain; and so too the captain with his staff raised, hurrying to the reserves and pointing out to them the quarter of the field in which they are needed; and you should show a river, within which horses are galloping, stirring the water all around, with a heaving mass of waves and foam and broken water, leaping high in the air and over the legs and bodies of the horses, but see that you make no level spot of ground that is not trampled over with blood.

It is a vivid representation of battle that derives additional force from the fact that it occurs only in the directions of a painter. There are many passages of a similar kind that afford wonderful clues to the dread events of mediæval times. The flood, for instance, with its accompaniment of

woods on fire, rain, thunderbolts from the sky, earthquakes, destruction of mountains, levelling of cities, branches torn away by the water, trees broken off laden with people and so on. It is storm in Italy, a country where the volcano and its kindred phenomena are familiar. But if we come back to the homelier precepts we find some acute observation and clarity of thought in the direction about painting the human face and figure. In this connection the studies in draughtsmanship ought to be looked at carefully. Leonardo was one of the few painters who possessed the virtue of exactitude. He may have learnt it in the study of mathematics, for he was the friend of Luca Pacioli, the mathematician, and drew the diagrams for his "De Divina Proportione," and the two were companions in the winter of 1499, when they left Milan together at the time of the French invasions. Sir William Hunter, after looking at the anatomical drawings, said that Leonardo was the best anatomist of his time in the world, and the studies in the book bear this out in a very striking manner.

Is it not remarkable that while this was the case in regard to fact he never let his imagination become atrophied? As his editor points out, the passage of extraordinary pathos and beauty in which he describes Helen of Troy in her old age as looking into her mirror and seeing there the wrinkles that Time had imprinted on her face, and wondering what could possibly have induced two men on separate occasions to have carried her away, is a singular mixture of science and poetry. The one is in the reflection, which might have come from Homer himself, and the other in the almost too detailed description of the old face, which could only have come from an anatomist.

Long before the Darwinian cosmogony had been thought of Leonardo had thought deeply on some of the facts that go to support the theory of evolution. Thus it had become apparent to him that the sea must at one time have washed over the highest mountains, because there were found "things produced in the salt waters now found again in the high mountains far from the sea." He says:

And if you wish to say that the shells are produced by Nature in those mountains by means of the influence of the stars, in what way will you show that this influence produces in the very same place shells of various sizes and varying in age and of different kinds?

He goes on to expatiate upon the shingle lying in layers at different altitudes upon the high mountains, about the different kinds of leaves embedded in the high rocks, and the *algæ* which are found intermingled with the shells and the sand. In all this he was anticipating the thought of the nineteenth century.

We do not wonder that in natural history he accepted the superstitions of the time. Our own Sir Thomas Browne, the great physician of his day and one of the finest intellects ever produced by England, believed in many idle superstitions, and some of them bore a very close resemblance to those quoted by Leonardo, as examples of projected power. Thus he held that "the wolf has power by its look to cause men to have hoarse voices"; that the basilisk could deprive anything living of life; that the ostrich and the spider hatched their eggs by looking at them; that "maidens have power in their eyes to attract unto themselves the love of men." The following might have come from Sir Thomas himself: "The fish called *linno* which some name after St. Ermo, which is found off the coast of Sardinia—is it not seen at night by the fishermen shedding light with its eyes over a great quantity of water—as though they were two candles? And all those fishes which come within the compass of this radiance, immediately come up to the surface of the water and turn over, dead."

Without this he would have been supernatural, because no man can get altogether in advance of the ignorance and superstition of his own time. That Leonardo did so in so many respects is to his honour.

CUT IN STONE.

Tower of Ivory, by Gertrude Atherton. (John Murray.)

THIS new book of Gertrude Atherton is narrowed by the limitations of its author. She is a sculptor in words. Colour, life, intimacy, sweetness, atmosphere, of these there is nothing in her work. Ivory is the material her title announces her as having chosen to designate her two chief characters, but for them, as for all the others, ivory is of much too soft and warm a texture. They are cut in stone. One technical failing resulting from this is that she takes far too long in getting into the heart of her story—as a sculptor with his hard tools takes long over getting into the heart of his block, for it is not till well into the book that the actual trend of the tale begins to appear. But a graver result is that at the heart of her characters she does not seem to get at all. Her people are, indeed, scarcely characters. They are not even sufficiently balanced in great and little, good and evil, to be types. They are the representatives of single characteristics—sometimes in combination, sometimes alone—but never mingled as they mingle in real people, never blurred and confused as in real life they blur and shift in life's struggles. Each characteristic is like the single facet of a diamond, the light and broken colouring of which, as a whole diamond, seems to have escaped the writer. Styx, the great Wagnerian singer, is strength, genius and passion; Ordham, the English aristocrat, is coldness, charm and obstinacy. These

two are the "towers of ivory," by the way, and fall in love with each other. Lady Bridgminster is worldliness and inefficiency; Mabel Cutting, the rich and lovely American girl whom Ordham, by a conspiracy on the part of Mabel's mother, his own mother and Mabel herself, marries—and afterwards deserts—is immaturity, shallowness, beauty and deceit—and so on. But there is one characteristic which all the characters share, and that is hardness; they are all, from Ordham to the German governess, "towers," not of ivory, but of stone, with the result that none towers above the others at all. These undeviating, unmoved, unmoral, hard and fast people are entirely free from any mental struggle. None of them ever, in short, *hesitates*. From this arises the great defect of the book—its entire lack both of the play of humour and the sense of strife. There is nothing whatever to watch. There is, therefore, nobody to pity or to love; and the book fails because of the very absence of the thing this type of book prides itself on being without—the question and the struggle of "right and wrong."

ITALY AND OLIVIA.

Olivia L. Carew, by Netta Syrett. (Chatto and Windus.)

A LITTLE American girl, imbued with the crudity and immaturity of her country, and blind and deaf with that disastrous modern obsession, the "development of self," marries a sane and pleasant Englishman who adores her beauty, and comes to Siena. The story tells how, through pain and terror, and by ways and paths undreamed of by Olivia, she does reach the understanding and development of herself—a self as far from her original conception as the paths by which she reaches it. She is beautiful, and cares nothing for that, nor for what it brings. She has no brain, and all she does care for is to be "clever." She is a pathetic figure, with many counterparts in the actual life of to-day. Olivia, in her determination to be an artist, nearly shipwrecks her own life, her husband's and Sylvia Carnegie's. The gradual progress of her self-satisfaction to self-distrust, of her appalling priggishness to the anguish of humility, is the progress of the book; and it is a most ably worked-out progression—the result of keen observation and clear and definite thought. Italy plays a great part in it; and if only for the incidental descriptions of Italy and Siena, this story takes a high place. They are enough to set everyone of us journeying to find that terrace of Sylvia's, high above the olive plains and the red crescent roofs of Siena and the river of molten silver flowing below. There is a sentence in which is Italy itself—"the Italy made up of little hill-top towns, of old brown roofs, of green shutters, of white and cream and pink-stained houses fantastically piled; of bell towers and bubble-shaped domes, of sunset skies, of great sweeps of vineyard, of light and air, and the sound of bells." In this story there are the balance of humour, the play of motives and an exquisite and unerring sense of the beauty of the earth. There are pity and repentance and human affections and hope—and that strange harvest of tears sown as much in the law mistaken as the law defied. In all these things this book is as much a greater book as it is nearer life than the one we have reviewed above. But in two aspects the work of the two women novelists under review has so close and curious a resemblance as to oblige comment. In both there is absent all sense of struggle for anything more than personal happiness; and in both is present the apotheosis of passion. The mother of Dick, to deal with the first resemblance first, is a saintly woman. She raises no word of protest, however, when Dick tells her he is going to live with Sylvia in order to induce Olivia to divorce him. Olivia, in her desperate struggle after greatness, has not made Dick happy. Sylvia will. Let him go to Sylvia with her blessing. Mrs. French, the good devoted wife and mother, also raises no word of protest when Sylvia informs her of her intention. Sylvia has not been happy. Dick can make her happy. Let her go to him. George Ingram, the upright soldier and gentleman who loves Sylvia, also raises no word of protest when she tells him. Had she been going to the "rotter" Allingham, he would, of course, have prevented it. But Dick can make her happy, so she may go to him. The other resemblance is as great. Miss Atherton depicts her heroine as rising through depths of the most horrible degradation to heights of artistic greatness not otherwise to be attained; Miss Syrett depicts hers as arriving at self-understanding and self-purification through a similar, if a single, experience with Allingham.

A BOOK.

The Ball and the Cross, by G. K. Chesterton. (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.)

IT would almost seem as if to the modern female mind, in spite of its recent development and civilisation, there were still but one serious business in the world and but one passion that matters. It is a limitation many of them repudiate with indignation, of course, but one can only meanwhile behold in silence the long procession of modern women writers such as the above, and the works which do mainly follow them. The passion of love and, as a rule, but one small phase of even that, appears to be the sole pre-occupation of them all. Here, in *The Ball and the Cross*, is the book of a man, and what do we find? We find the sober truth, that there are a hundred businesses in the world at least as serious as love-making and a hundred passions as strong. The ardours of faith, of pity, of ambition, of patriotism, to mention but a few of them, are as instinct with romance and as supreme in interest. *The Ball and the Cross* has practically no love-making. It has barely a story. Its only interest is the interest of the passion that moves the two heroes; yet it is as true to life as any novel ever written, and to the full as interesting. There were two men, one who believed there was a God and one who believed there was none; and each, for his belief, is ready both to slay and to die. That is the theme. Mr. Chesterton deals with it with all his usual vigour of conviction and originality of view; and with all the impetus of his ruthless and uncompromising clear-sightedness. Underneath runs the current of an undecieved irony, sometimes broadening into the ludicrous; and throughout is felt the pull of a common-sense that never ceases in its covert and industrious assembling of facts. The gradual unfolding of Mr. Chesterton's purpose, his steady and relentless stripping of one convention and fallacy after another from the truth he holds in his grip is masterly and subtle.

THE *Strand Magazine* for April contains, among other features of interest, a chapter of "Reminiscences" by Cyril Maude, the popular actor-manager, articles on "Sir Benjamin Stone and His Sitters," and "Some Unrehearsed Stage Effects" by Harry Furniss, and stories by H. G. Wells, A. E. W. Mason, Charles Garvice, Winifred Graham and others. Perhaps the most striking story in the number, however, is that entitled, "Rough-hew Them How We Will," by P. G. Wodehouse. The *Strand Magazine*, as everybody knows, has always made a feature of humorous stories. It has, for example, for many years placed before the public all the work of W. W. Jacobs. But it is a rare thing in these days to be able to say that a magazine has discovered a

new humorist. We think that readers of the story above-mentioned will agree with us that work more full of humorous observation of life and character has not appeared for a very long time, and will look forward to subsequent stories by Mr. Wodehouse with eager anticipation.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

A Narrative of the Siege of Delhi, by Charles T. Griffiths. (John Murray.)
Althea: Dialogues, by Vernon Lee. (John Lane.)
A Splendid Heritage, by Mrs. Stephen Batson. (Stanley Paul.)
That is to say, by Rita. (Stanley Paul.)

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

MR. TRAVIS AS A JOURNALIST.

MR. W. J. TRAVIS is a very fine putter. He is also a very clever man, and he knows how to "boom" his paper, the *American Golfer*. Golfers over here have taken his remarks about the scandalous treatment to which he was subjected when he won the amateur championship at Sandwich as if Mr. Travis himself believed himself to have been badly treated. Of course, he knows perfectly well that he was very well treated, his victory warmly applauded. He had nothing to complain of, nor did complain till he wanted to make his paper "hum." And he has set it humming. Again, he deserves applause. He understands modern journalism and "what the public wants." The picture of Mr. Travis leaving his clubs in the professional's shop, unable to get a locker, given a caddy who was not an expert, is really pathetic; but we all suffered the like dreadful things, as Mr. Travis perfectly well knows. But the picture of Mr. Travis "changing" in the hall is not only pathetic; it is even scarcely delicate. Consider, too, the risk of draught and catching cold! But why choose the hall? The dressing-rooms were at the disposal of all who entered for the championship. This portion of his article would really have been made more attractive by some discreet illustration.

THE GOLF BALL AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The golf ball will really have a good excuse if it begins to give itself the airs of a body having much importance in the scheme of modern life. We had it figuring, only a little while ago, in the Law Courts, occupying the intellects of the first advocates in the land for a week or more, finally being carried through the Court of Appeal to the House of Lords, and all these "potent, grave and reverend signiors" keeping their "eye on the ball" with admirable attention. And now, only the other day, it has been honoured by being made the subject of a lecture delivered by Sir J. J. Thomson before the Royal Institution. Perhaps it is not to be said that the lecturer had any strikingly new light to throw on the subject, which has been already illuminated by Lord Rayleigh, Professor Tait and other distinguished men of science. Of course, it was the dynamics of the ball, when hit by the club, that he discussed. He did, however, break new ground with his "electric golf links," showing the analogy between a golf ball's flight and the movement of the cathode rays in a vacuum tube when rotation was given by a magnet to the electrified particles. An admirable point, however, which he made, and one which ought not to be lost sight of, but should commend itself to schoolmasters, both for their own edification and that of their boys, was a suggestion that all these scientific problems that were associated with the playing of games might be made most valuable in arousing the interest in such subjects in the minds of schoolboys. We all know the old educational idea of fitting on new notions in the pupils' minds to what is called "the preconceiving basis." The "preconceiving basis" in a boy's mind is that if you hit a ball "a jolly good half-volley it will fly like blazes." Starting from this pleasant and promising point it ought not to be difficult to inspire him with keenness to understand the dynamics of the business.

MUNICIPAL GOLF AT NOTTINGHAM.

Municipal golf is slowly but surely making progress in England, and, probably, it is nowhere more flourishing than in Nottingham. There is already one municipal course at Bulwell Forest, and now another is soon to

be opened at Bulwell Hall, which is distant but a drive and a pitch across the other side of the railway. Bulwell Forest was originally the home of the Notts Golf Club, who have now, however, moved further out into the country to their delightful sandy course at Hollinwell, leaving the municipal golfers in full possession of Bulwell, where they are to be seen playing in very large numbers. In fact, they are so numerous as to justify the making of the new course, which, so it is said, will be the better of the two. This is no small praise, for Bulwell Forest is quite a nice course, with good golfing turf and whins, and a pleasant, unartificial character. Like many another course, it suffered from the introduction of the rubber-cored ball, which made it something too short for a severe test of golf. At any rate, it has been a nursery good enough to produce some fine players, notably Tom Williamson, who captained the English side in the International match last year and is now the professional at Hollinwell.

BLACK GOLF BALLS.

There is one minor detail that strikes the Southern golfer who visits these courses that lie near the great manufacturing towns of the Midlands or North. It is that the golf ball, which was a virginal white when he sent it soaring away from the first tee, becomes light grey at the second hole, dark grey at the third, and would soon be coal black if its complexion was not artificially renewed. On Southern courses this matter of cleaning is comparatively easy. You merely tell the caddy to clean it, and then judiciously look the other way, being fully aware that his method will be the simple and effective one of licking it and then wiping it upon his coat sleeve. Even the most hardened little wretch of a caddy, however, might have a prejudice against thus cleaning a ball that is black with the smoke of a thousand chimneys. At any rate, it would need a very hardened employer to insist on the matter, and therefore a sponge becomes an absolutely essential part of the golfer's outfit, for to play with a black ball is infinitely depressing. Nay, more, with a great many people it adds perceptibly to the difficulty of hitting.

GOLF IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Although we heard a great many complaints earlier in the season from the Riviera and other parts of the South of France about the absence of English visitors and the money which they brought with them, it certainly is not to be said that the golf courses of these regions have been neglected, or that much good golf has not been seen on them. We have had the veteran and ever-green Mr. Charles Hutchings doing records on the links of Pau; at Biarritz Mr. Martin Smith and Mr. Douglas Currie have been among the best of many good players; Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Mr. H. E. Taylor, Mr. A. J. Balfour and others have been much on the links at Cannes; and at Hyères Mr. Osmond Scott has been

playing a game which suggests the hope that he has recovered all his old power and skill. Altogether, golf in the South of France is not only growing in quantity, but its quality is distinctly higher than it used to be. In the early part of the season the golfer was well rewarded by the weather for this distant pilgrimage; but in the later weeks, wherein our own has shown much improvement, it has not quite kept up its good character.

ROBSON COMING SOUTH.

It is good news that Robson is coming South, to be the resident professional at the West Surrey Club's course near Godalming. He made his fame in the *News of the World* tournament two years ago when he ran Taylor



MR. F. C. WALLIS.

very hard in the final heat on the latter's home course of Mid-Surrey. Last year Robson was disappointing. Probably he did not get very many opportunities of the best kind of practice. Now that he is coming South he will be more in the arena of big things. For some reason, that "Great Wen," as old Cobbett called the metropolis, lures to its vicinity most of what is brightest and best in professional golfing talent. It will be a pleasure to have the opportunity to see more of Robson's game—it is so powerful and yet so full of ease. By coming South, that is to say, into a warm golfing corner, the professional increases his chances of taking part in good matches and competitions; but distinctly does not increase his favourable chances in that *News of the World* Tournament in which Robson made his name—to qualify in the Southern Section is a much more severe task than qualification in any other.

THE LONDON FOURSOMES.

By the time these lines appear in print the London Amateur Foursome Tournament will have progressed as far as the third round. It is played this year, as everyone knows, under altered conditions, and instead of dragging wearily on for months will have a short and sweet career of but three days. There are a great many advantages attaching to this plan, and one of the chief is that the tournament should become a more friendly and sociable business. Half the fun of the amateur championship is talking to other people and watching them play; even when we are ourselves knocked out

life is not entirely blank and bitter. In the same way, given but reasonably warm weather, there ought to be a lot of pleasant loafing and watching at Walton Heath; and a good foursome is quite one of the best things to watch. The entry is a very fairly good one, though we miss one or two distinguished names, and especially that of the premier club, the Royal Blackheath. Woking, too, who won the tournament in the first year it was played, are absent. That, however, is to be attributed not to laziness, but to an unfortunate mistake as to the date of entry. They had fully intended to enter.

MR. F. C. WALLIS.

Mr. Wallis is too busy a surgeon to play as much golf as he would like, or as his many friends would like him to. If one plays against him on one of his stray holidays at Woking there is always a hope that he may be moderately uncertain. It is quite a different matter when he goes away for a real holiday to St. Andrews. Then he has been known to do a monstrously long series of scores quite low down in the eighties. Mr. Wallis is a Cambridge man; he was at that most medical of colleges, Caius, and afterwards at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He has written several learned treatises with names unintelligible to the layman, and is now, among a great many other things, surgeon to Charing Cross Hospital. He has been intimately associated with and vice-president of the Union Jack Club from its foundation. Mr. Wallis is a thoroughly keen sportsman; he is also a fisherman and yachtsman, and a most cheerful person to play golf with.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUDDLETOWN CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As Archdeacon of Dorset, and myself vicar of one of its parishes the ancient church of which, dating from the twelfth century, was happily "restored" twelve years ago under the guidance of Mr. C. E. Ponting, F.S.A., I desire to bear witness to the particularly sympathetic and wholly admirable treatment which it received at his hands. In the light of my experience it is not easy to believe that the same hands can design any such treatment of the delightful church of Puddletown as could merit the perhaps somewhat hasty protests which have recently been raised. Unintelligent destruction has, alas! been too rife among Dorset churches as elsewhere; but it should not be confused with intelligent development or genuine restoration. Such appears to be a fair description of the proposed reconstruction upon its original lines of a chancel which (like the chancels of both the churches in the parish of which I have charge) was, at least to a large extent, destroyed in the sixteenth century. All those characteristic features upon which stress has rightly been laid are to be faithfully preserved; the existing east end, alike of chancel and of north aisle, is to be re-erected, stone for stone, the panelling replaced, the three-sided altar-rails retained. The pulpit would, I understand, be set back to the position which it occupied until 1850, while the body of the church, the Athelhampton Chapel, the gallery and the oakwork are unaffected. Nothing is proposed to be done which would detract from the antiquarian value or the historic character of the church, and its continuity will remain unbroken. So far as I am able to judge, if the proposed plans are carried out, the church will receive no less reverent handling now than in the past, while it will become possessed of added dignity and enhanced convenience.—CHARLES H. DUNDAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am deeply shocked at what I read in *The Times* of to-day (March 24th) under the above heading. I had hoped that the idea of pulling down the sixteenth century chancel of that church and replacing it with imitative fifteenth century work was merely one of those errant dreams that spring up in the hours of darkness only to fade away under the searching light of day. But it would seem to be a coldly calculated scheme on the part of men of some position and power in Dorset to remove by one fell blow half the historic interest and old-world charm of one of its most delightful villages. The patron of the living and owner of the place has been interviewed by *The Times* correspondent, and, if he is not wrongly reported, openly admits that he proposes to kill two birds (it is always "sport" in England to kill rare birds) with one stone. He will destroy the Elizabethan chancel in order to set up in its place one of pseudo-Gothic character, and he will obtain walling for his purpose by throwing down an Elizabethan house in the village, thus saving the cost of repairing it, and saving his conscience by the belief that some of its materials once formed part of the church. This Massacre of the Innocent, this destruction of two genuine things in order to produce one false one, he terms "a highly interesting restoration in the literal sense of the word," while the Archdeacon of Dorset, who is backing up the scheme in the Press, delights in such an "intelligent development" of the "dignity" of Puddletown. If this is right phrasing for such a deed, I pray for a prevalence of stupidity and of figurative meanings.—H. ABRAY TIPPING.

HENRY BALGUY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 19th there is an article entitled "The Country House: Gateways and Forecourts," containing an allusion to the picturesque stone piers at Derwent Hall. The author says that "Henry Balguy, an attorney who had gathered gold, built it after the exiled Stewarts returned to the throne." As a member of the Balguy family I wish to correct this misstatement. The Balguys were at that time a wealthy family, with large properties in Derbyshire, where they had resided since A.D. 1104. Derwent Hall was built by Henry Balguy after his residence of Aston Hall had been burnt down. They had at that time properties at Aston, Hope and Derwent, and it was not necessary for him to "gather gold" as an attorney wherewith to build their new abode. I trust that this gross misstatement will be corrected in your next issue of *COUNTRY LIFE*. If the author doubts my information, I refer him to

"Lyson's History of Derbyshire," "Burke's Landed Gentry, 1858," ditto 1877, and the "Herald's Office," where the family pedigree has been fully drawn out. I trust that you will have the courtesy to see this error (which has caused much annoyance) righted.—G. E. BALGUY.

[If you look up *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. XXI., page 202, you will see that O. Barron (who is very correct on all family matters) says: "Law was the hereditary trade of the Balguys," and he alludes to Henry Balguy as "a rich old attorney." The Balguys were certainly an old county family, but, as in so countless other similar cases, they strengthened their landed position by making money at the law, as well as by marrying heiresses (as Henry Balguy did). It would never have occurred to anyone in his time that there was anything detrimental to his birth or dignity in this or to esteem the word "attorney" to be a term of reproach.—ED.]

GARLANDS IN CHURCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I take the following from "Salopian Shreds and Patches" for 1881: "In the church at Astley Abbots, there was a sounding-board from which was suspended a garland with a pair of white kid gloves in memory of Henry Phillips, who, according to an inscription, died in 1707 when presenting himself at the Communion Table to be married. His intended wife only survived him a short time. The sounding-board and its appendages were removed about fifteen years ago." Hulbert, in his "History of Salop," 1838, says: "In the church (Shrawardine) are a pair of gloves and a chaplet, suspended in memory of a much-loved young female of the village, who, about half a century ago, lost her life in crossing the river Severn." This is the only case I know of a garland being hung for a member of the male sex. The custom is, thank Goodness, not quite extinct, as the following paragraph shows. I took it from the *Standard* for April 3, 1906:

"THE VIRGIN'S CROWN.—The very ancient custom of carrying the Virgin's Crown or funeral garland was observed at a funeral at the parish church at Abbott's Ann, near Andover, on Saturday. The crown, from which fine paper gloves were hanging, was made of thin wood covered with paper and decorated with black and white rosettes, and was carried from the house to the church before the coffin by two young girls. The girls, who wore white dresses, with white shawls and white hoods, between them bore a white wand from which the crown depended. During the service the crown was placed on the coffin by one of the girls, and at the close it was again suspended from the wand and borne to the grave. The crown was afterwards hung on a thin iron rod branching from a small shield placed high up on the wall of the nave of the church, where there were already some forty crowns suspended. Although there are other churches where these curious crowns are hanging, it is probable that Abbott's Ann is the only parish church in England where the custom is still observed."

If your correspondent will write me I can let him see a photograph (though not a very good one) of those at Robin's Hood Bay.—JOSEPH C. BRIDGE, Christ Church Vicarage, Chester.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The quaint custom about which Mr. Bullen asks for information is that which was once common in most villages in the Midlands, when "funeral garlands" were carried before or upon the coffins of virgins at their funerals. The garlands after the burial were hung in the churches for some length of time, and I remember seeing such in one or two churches. If Mr. Bullen can consult that mine of information, "Chambers' Book of Days," he will find much interesting matter under "Funeral Garlands," specimens of which used to hang in Ashbourne and Matlock churches, at any rate. The custom has long ago fallen out of usage.—T. RATCLIFFE, Worksop.

WINTER EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Maggie, our cook, has read with much interest the correspondence about winter eggs, but tells me she has beaten Lady Ball's record. We live in a very high-lying village in the North of Scotland. With fifteen laying hens and a very severe climate, we had one hundred and forty-two eggs in January, one hundred and forty-one eggs in February, and for the first fourteen days in March we have already had one hundred and thirty-nine eggs.

Their food cost seven shillings and threepence in January and five shillings and threepence in February. Our new hen-house has been built out of the old pews taken from the old church when it was reseated.—I. R. M.

THE FAMILIAR ROBIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The robin is, I suppose, acknowledged to be the most fearless of our wild birds; but I think those in our garden would take some beating for sheer cheek. The other day one deliberately pecked at the button on my shoe (I suppose he took it for a black currant) as I sat out in the garden. Another comes into my bedroom through the open window as soon as the curtains are drawn, and plays about the room and admires himself in the glass, treating me with utter contempt. He gave himself a great fright the other morning by hopping on to my letter-scales, to try his weight I suppose, but the fraction of an ounce weight not being on the other side to balance him, his side of the scales naturally came down. I feel sure he thought he was shot, as his exit out of the window was more hurried than dignified.—H. S. ORD.

NIGHTINGALES FOR LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is, I confess, many years ago that I was a pupil of Mr. Bradley's at Southgate, close to London, the place made famous by the great cricketers, the Walkers, living there. The house at which many pupils boarded was close to a little spinney of wood of triangular shape. Two roads met here, as far as I remember, and there was a good deal of traffic; but this little wood was always tenanted in summer by nightingales. There was a paling round, but decidedly not cat-proof. That nightingales haunt the suburbs of London is well known. Therefore, if a very little trouble were taken, near Rangers' Lodge, Hyde Park, where shrubs are raised, I fancy, now, you would have the nightingale. You would need a grove, of course, but not necessarily of large size. I think the date I allude to was 1867, when they were always in this little bit of wood just beside the high road. Coombe, where I live when in the South, is famous for nightingales on the FitzGeorge estate, and the character of part of this wood is ideal, of thick undergrowth and here and there taller trees, oak and other trees and a good sprinkling of ash and other trees. This wood cannot be called free from vermin more than most other English woods, and prowling cats, no doubt, are found at times. It is all this lovely region that we are now trying to secure for ever against the builder, round by Beverly Brook and all the arable land round the Bald-faced Stag public-house, where the famous George Borrow used to halt and lunch after bathing in the Penn Ponds, Richmond Park. He used to put his clothes on while wet and walk about till dry again. If you, Sir, can aid us all in preserving nightingale ground, we shall indeed be grateful. Stand near the tall flagstaff of Putney Common—or call it Wimbledon there—and let your eye rest on the scene looking towards Coombe Wood—that is the ground of the nightingale we seek to keep from the builder, buying as much as we can from the FitzGeorge estate. The Lord Mayor will be approached this week by a deputation. If you can aid our appeal in your beautiful publication we shall all be much indebted to you.—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

FLOCK OF PIED WAGTAILS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

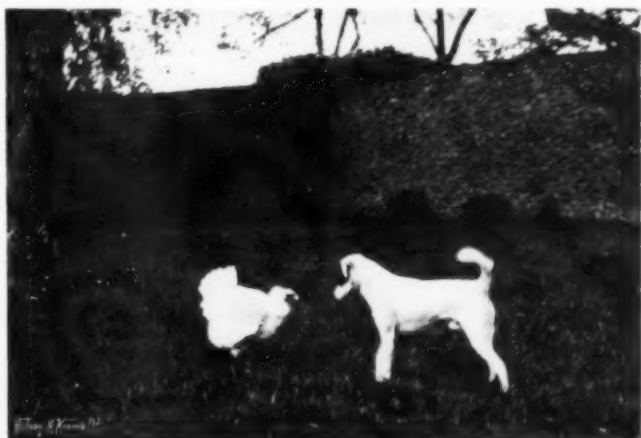
SIR,—My brother tells me that on February 20th he saw near Chichester a flock of pied wagtails, which he calculated as containing about two hundred and fifty birds. Is not this a most unusual occurrence?—A. G. KEALY.

[Not at all. Wagtails are partially migratory and fly in large flocks. These birds had probably just crossed the Channel.—ED.]

A POULTRY DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fox-terrier in these photographs has never received any training in the proper sense of the word, but has spent all his life among poultry. He



PERSUASION.

has become quite an adept at catching birds, which he holds by neck, hackle or leg, until assistance arrives. He will follow, unerringly, a single bird through a flock without change or check. In the enclosed photograph a broody has escaped during feeding-time and he is trying to persuade her to return. He is doing so tactfully, without getting to close quarters, for experience has taught him that broodies are awkward subjects to manage. They have a ridiculous way—from a dog's point of view—of fluffing

out their feathers, and an uncertain temper. He is very gentle with chickens, and will allow them to perch on his back or legs. But he has the greatest aversion to sick or weakly ones. He will knock them off their legs with his nose or paw; he will worry them in as many ways as he can. When they die he carries them gingerly away to burial in some quiet corner. Fighting and bullying he sternly forbids; though in the latter case his distinctions are not always correct.



PATIENCE.

He generally hustles the bullied one round the pen and allows the stronger to escape. To stop a fight he dashes between the combatants and drags one away by the leg or wing, whichever he can grasp. But when a bird is angry, it does not seem to matter whether the original offender, another bird, or quite a different being is before it, with straightened hackles and drooping wings it pecks and strikes at any object in its reach. Hustling one combatant away, fighting a rear-guard action with the other, the dog had some lively moments. But in all his adventures he has never yet torn or maimed any bird, which is, surely, a good record for that destructive creature, a fox-terrier. Hoping that these few details may be of interest to your readers,—H. G. G. BIRTILL.

MICE IN COUNTRY HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If your correspondent will strew mint about his house I believe he will find the mice vanish, as they abhor the smell of it.—M. FERRIER CLARKE.

AN INVASION OF BLACK-BEETLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For years past I have been entirely successful in dealing with the trouble of black-beetles by the use of powder made from the flowers of the plant *Pyrethrum roses*, commonly called beetle powder. The plant grows chiefly, I believe, in Dalmatia, and many tons of the flowers are imported into the United Kingdom yearly, to be solely used for this purpose. I pay two shillings and fourpence per pound for it. The powder should be obtained from a reputable chemist, as I am informed that it is often adulterated. It should be carefully and freely scattered on the floor at night to a width of five inches or six inches from the wall or cupboard whence the insects issue, so that they cannot get out of their holes without walking on it. When I use it, which I find necessary only in the spring, when they begin to appear, I dust the floor freely along the whole side of the kitchen, including the front of the cooking range, which is one of their strongholds. The powder seems to deprive the insects of their senses, and soon after they have touched it they rush about aimlessly, and often run back into the powder and roll themselves in it. They soon become incapable of motion, and you find them scattered about the floor in the morning, when they may be swept into a dustpan and thrown on the fire. We generally leave the powder on the floor for two or three days, although it does not look very tidy, and dust over again each evening any places where it may have been accidentally removed. Of late years we have found two or three applications each spring quite sufficient to keep down the annoyance, and a beetle is very seldom seen afterwards in our kitchen. The powder is quite harmless to everything but insects—we leave our cat in the kitchen—but it is rather pungent, and if you stoop too much in dusting and get some into your nose it will make you sneeze. We keep it in an old mustard tin, with about twenty holes punched in the tightly-fitting lid, and use about half a pound of powder yearly. I believe it acts on the beetles mechanically, getting into the articulation of their legs, but I have no authority for that.—S. PHILIP UNWIN.

CANINE JEALOUSY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last week Mr. John Jones of the Saracen's Head Hotel had the misfortune to lose a very useful dog under most sad and tragic circumstances. The facts of the case as related to me by Mr. Jones seem so remarkable that I consider them worthy of report. For some time Mr. Jones has been the happy owner of a dog—a cross between an Irish terrier and a whippet—who was undoubtedly the best dog with gun and ferrets that a man has ever had. Unfortunately, a large rough-haired Airedale terrier, three years of age, also owned by Mr. Jones, was extremely jealous of the other dog, Buller. This Airedale was devoted to Mrs. Jones and her children, and would allow them

to do anything with him. On more than one occasion Mr. Jones has had to separate them, the heavy Airedale being more than a match for the other. However, of late they had seemed on better terms, although it had been noticed that the Airedale had spent most of his time along the river bank and had become an expert swimmer and diver. A few days before the tragedy occurred Mr. Jones showed me the Airedale and said he would be glad to part with him, as they could not agree. The dogs were present at the time and seemed to understand what was said. A day or so later, when the river Wye was flowing rapidly and very deep from rain, the Airedale saw his rival upon the bank. In a moment he had seized him and dragged him into the river; gripping him by the neck, he held his head under water as the current took them down stream. The ferry-boat was across the other side and Mr. Jones's other boats were some distance from the river. Needless to say, Mr. Jones, who is an ex-member of the Metropolitan Police, did everything in his power to save the dog. When the body was recovered it was found that the skin had not been lacerated; Buller had met his death by drowning. It was a deliberately-planned attack by the Airedale, who, quiet and devoted to children, was led to this "crime" solely by jealousy. Both dogs were well known to all Mr. Jones's numerous friends, and Buller especially so. A very large number of the summer visitors to Symonds Yat will miss him this summer, and great sympathy will be felt for Mr. John Jones.—JAMES TUCKER.



WHAT IS IT?

correspondent mentions its habit of "ducking," which it does almost as much as young long-eared owls.—G. R. D. ONSLOW.

YIELD OF SPRING WHEAT SOWN IN 1909.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Many farmers, especially in the Eastern Counties, have sown or are about to drill spring wheat this season, and it may interest some of your readers to hear the result of a spring sowing of a variety of French wheat last year. A field of about twenty acres, in Suffolk, was drilled on April 15th, so very late for wheat that I watched its growth with interest; just before last harvest it had fair to be a bumper crop. This wheat was grown instead of oats or barley. After roots, the land was ploughed immediately the turnips had been consumed by sheep, the drill following within a day or two. The crop of wheat has been recently threshed and yielded over four and a-half quarters, of thirty-six stones, per acre, and was sold at thirty-five shillings per quarter.—W.

ORANGES AND INFLUENZA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In a contemporary the other day it was stated that the juice of Tangerine oranges is an antidote to influenza, and can be given to patients in the best way, not in eating the pulp, but having the juice simply squeezed out as from a lemon for lemonade, and hot water and a little sugar added. The writer said that this remedy is so well known

to the Italian sailors trading between the Mediterranean and Russian ports that they make a custom of taking a good supply of these oranges with them on their voyages. A most welcome remedy instead of "drugs" is this simple fruit juice, and would probably be very pleasant to take. As the advertisements say, "should this meet the eye of any sufferer," it would be well if it were tried and reported upon.—MARTLET.

A RING-DOVE'S HISTORY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some time ago you published a photograph of a veteran pigeon. I venture to think the accompanying portrait of my wife's ring-dove would also be of interest to your readers, and to all bird-lovers like ourselves. Her history is as follows: Born in 1888, she enjoyed one short year of wedded bliss, and then became a widow. Shortly after this she flew away one morning, to return to her sorrowing mistress two and a-half years later (enemies doubt her being the same bird). Since then she has enjoyed the universal admiration of the household, and will often sit on her nest on the dining-room table at mealtimes and, when she pleases, come and take a toothsome morsel from my plate. When thirsty she will drink out of a wine-glass. For her advanced years she is wonderfully well-preserved, though the rigours of a Highland winter have temporarily robbed her of her voice. She has one passion (for which she would sell her—eggs): cheese.—W. S. DICK-CUNYNGHAM.



A VETERAN.

THE FLOWER HARVESTS OF GRASSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—When Katherine de' Medici sent her skilled physician, Patis, to Grasse, with orders that he was to found a laboratory for the distilling of the perfumes of flowers, she could not have chosen a better situation. Grasse and the hamlets that surround it are a paradise for growing flowers, so sunny are they and so well protected from the *mistral*. Tier upon tier of terraced beds are cut out upon the mountain-side; countless patches of gardens lie in the plains below. They are always full of flowers more or less in bloom. Jasmine, tuberose, roses, mimosa, jonquils, hyacinths, carnations, orange-flowers and many other things are grown in masses not for ornament or pleasure, as in English gardens, but solely for their scent. The first harvest of the year is that of violets. Then follow hyacinths and jonquils, roses and orange blossom, pinks, carnations and mignonette, jasmine and, lastly, cassia and tuberose. The violet harvest begins in February. The plants are set in long rows beneath the shelter of olive trees. Only Parma violets are used in making the scent. There are the ribbon-rows of purple and pale mauve, the olive trees full of surprises. In shadow they are sad and sombre; in sunshine each leaflet, dark green above, silver below, catches the dancing sunbeams and reflects them so that the whole tree shines and glitters. The fields of violets are seldom enclosed. Any passer-by may enjoy them. But he would be foolish indeed who attempted to interfere with a single blossom, even to stoop down and examine it. No watch-dog that guards a flock of English sheep could be more alert than the

peasant's "no-sort-of-dog," who upon the least provocation starts up from nowhere and furiously barks. Beside the flower scents are distilled millions of kilos of thyme and lavender and rose-mary. Away on the heights of the French Alps grows the rose-mary in great bushes, already in February blue as blue with flowers. Workmen are sent from Grasse with apparatus for distilling the virtue of this plant on the spot. On market day the flowers are brought in to Grasse, not carefully in Covent Garden fashion, but in sacks and baskets, tons of them at a time. Many of the large factories are open to the public. One could wish that the manufacturers used a little less grease, but let us draw a veil over this part of the picture. All is kept



HARVEST OF TUBEROSES.

beautifully clean and in order; and in the last room are fountains of scent and the daintiest boxes, bottles and jars of perfumes and soaps, each perfume so true that you are filled with wonder at the skill which has extracted from each sweet flower its own particular scent.—FRANCES A. BARDSWELL.